WHAT'S BEHIND YOUR SMILE? ~ ELVIS SIGHTED! (p. 64)

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{ AUGUST 2007 }

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Smithsonian features

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Many of the trout are caught again and again. "Boy, some of those fish look like they've gone 15 rounds with Muhammad Ali," says John Maclean.

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THIS PAGE: Visiting anglers (a trout fisherman on the Snake River in Wyoming's Grand Teton National Park) are a major source of tourist revenue for many Western states. Photograph by Denver Bryan / Images on the Wildside.

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BY ROBERT M. POOLE / PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCOTT S. WARREN
ILLUSTRATION BY DUGALD STERMER

COVER: With its stunning architecture and intellectual ferment, Prague evokes bohemian Paris of the 1920s. Photograph by Scott S. Warren / Aurora / Getty Images.

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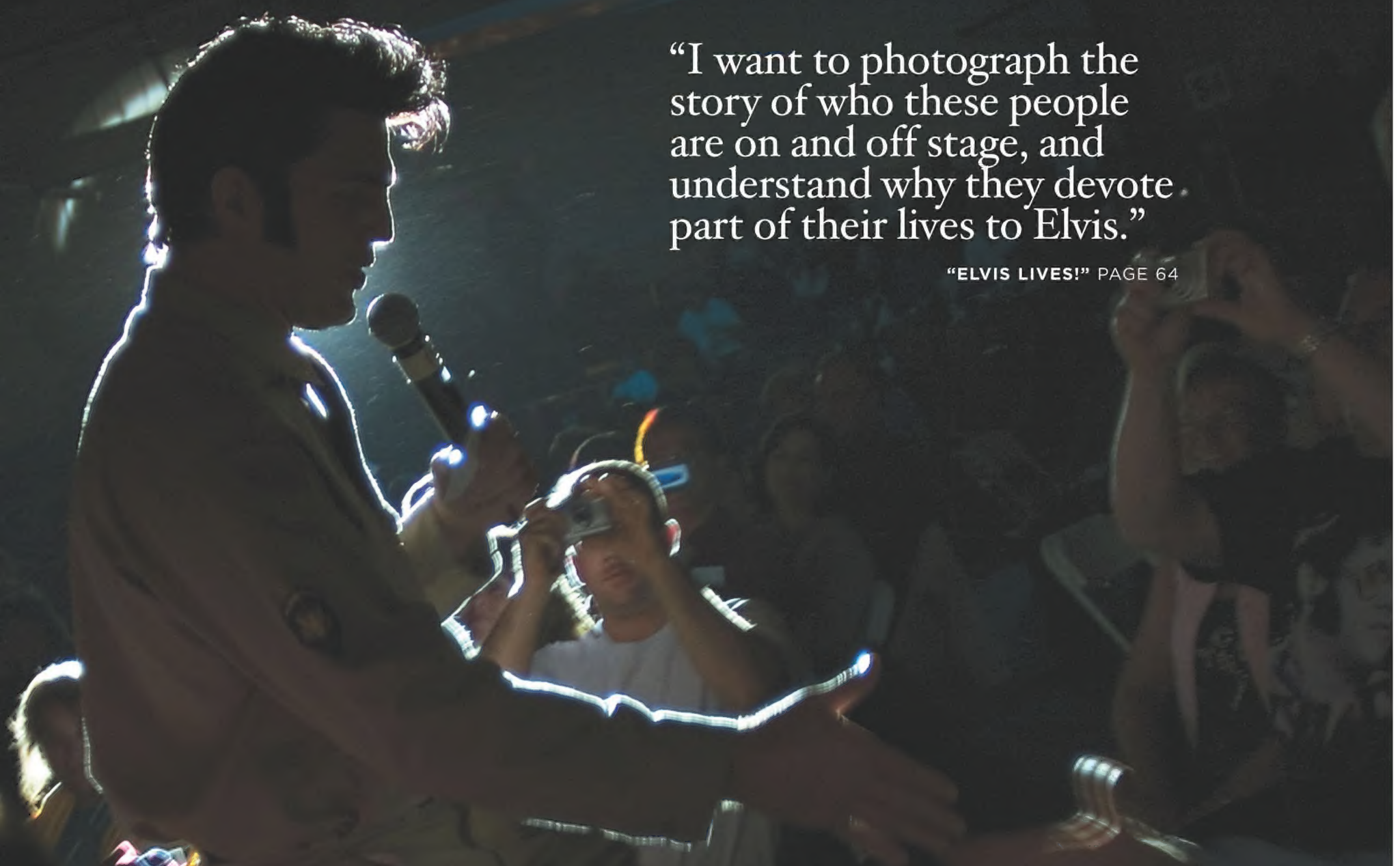

"I want to photograph the story of who these people are on and off stage, and understand why they devote part of their lives to Elvis."

"ELVIS LIVES!" PAGE 64

THIS PAGE: Ryan Pelton performs at the annual Lake George Elvis Festival, in Lake George, New York. Photograph by Landon Nordeman.

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FROM THE EDITOR

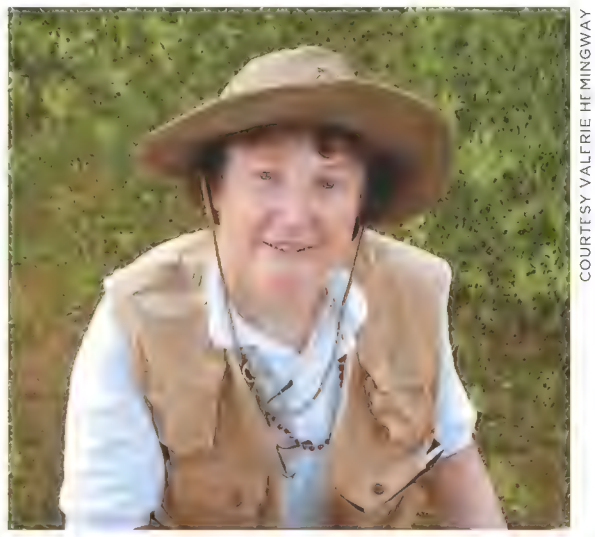
Expats

Hemingways in Cuba and Yanks in Prague

BY CAREY WINFREY

OVER A LONG CAREER as a globe-trotting journalist, Jonathan Kandell has often found himself in Prague, Czech Republic. There he kept running into "Americans who were doing very interesting things," Kandell says. "That wasn't really the case in other places, like Warsaw, which is a bigger city, or Budapest, which is comparable in cultural background." He's not talking about the hordes of young backpackers—many of them just out of college—who moved there in the early '90s after the Velvet Revolution, led by Vaclev Havel, threw off 40 years of Soviet domination. The expatriates Kandell encountered (see "Americans in Prague," p. 54) were a bit older and were deeply engaged in shaping the life of that culturally rich city—as entertainers, filmmakers, artisans, even bankers. "In some cases," says Kandell, "they were already involved in careers back in the States, but for some reason they came over to Prague and ended up lingering until they realized, 'Hey, this my home.'" As for Prague itself, says Kandell, "It's the one city that if you say to a Parisian or someone from Rome, 'Prague is really the most beautiful city I've ever been to,' they won't take exception. They'll say, 'Well, that's a plausible opinion.'"

IN JANUARY 1960, nineteen-year-old Valerie Danby-Smith went to Cuba from her native Ireland to work as personal secretary to Ernest Hemingway at his home, Finca Vigía (Lookout Farm), outside Havana. After Hemingway's suicide in 1961, she returned to the finca to help his widow, Mary, organize his papers and possessions. In 1966, Valerie married the writer's youngest son, Gregory, with whom she had three children. Last spring, with Castro's power waning, SMITHSONIAN sent Valerie to Cuba in search of her former mentor ("Hemingway's Cuba, Cuba's Hemingway," p. 66). "I was amazed at how alive the Hemingway legend still is," she says. "It's as if he's still walking the streets. To the people who have Hemingway in their hearts—which is a great many people—he is still there and he belongs there." Today, the finca is a museum, which has recently been renovated. "They're scrupulously trying to adhere to how the house was," says Valerie, "so they bombarded me with questions. They asked, 'Was that chair in that corner?' I tried to say, 'It wasn't a museum then, it was a house, and in a house things get moved around.' They asked, 'Were his shoes there, or there?' I remember Hemingway mostly went barefoot, and he would kick off his shoes, and then René, his valet, would put them away. He wasn't meticulous when it came to his clothes. Everything wasn't perfect. He wasn't the tidiest person."



COURTESY VALERIE HEMINGWAY

Hemingway: Where were his shoes?

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LETTERS READERS RESPOND TO THE **JUNE** ISSUE

I have just begun practicing the art of origami, and I marvel at Robert Lang's artistic creations and also at how he has developed folding patterns for practical uses ("Into the Fold"). But most amazing to me is how a thing of beauty can come from folding a single sheet of paper.

ROSE-MARIE SMITH, COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

FIGHTING MALARIA

"THE ETHIOPIA Campaign," about former president Jimmy Carter's efforts to rid that nation of malaria, was a tribute to his generosity and to the power of sharing our knowledge, resources and problem-solving techniques to benefit others.

SHEILA M. MARSTON
UNIVERSITY PLACE, WASHINGTON

AS FOR JIMMY CARTER waging war on malaria in Ethiopia, it is good to see even a token effort to master the disease, which I had seven times when I lived in Ethiopia. As I recall, they were getting malaria under control in the 1960s. Since then, millions of Africans unable to afford treatment have perished from the ravages of malaria because it became politically incorrect to use the pesticide DDT.

MICHAEL SHATTO
CONCORD, CALIFORNIA

Dozens of other readers have made the same point about DDT. In fact, Ethiopia has been using DDT for 40 years to control mosquitoes that transmit malaria; health authorities currently spray 10 to 20 percent of residences in high-risk areas. The Carter Center, which plans to evaluate Ethiopia's malaria program, says insecticidal bed nets and indoor spraying of DDT both can be highly effective, but neither approach is sufficient by itself. —Ed.

SPOTTING BEERY

Like William E. Darton of San Diego, who wrote that "If I am wrong, I'll eat my ten gallon hat," quite a few movie buffs—more than 100—wrote to say that one of the unidentified ranchers in the photograph (reproduced below) in "Jewel of the Tetons" must be the actor Wallace Beery. Well, Mr. Darton, your hat is safe: that is indeed Beery in the center. And we regret not naming him in the caption. But Beery-spotters such as Bob Smith of Eliot, Maine,

who asserts the men pictured are "cowboys of the silver screen," and Jim Hegarty of West Palm Beach, who says, "I think I saw this old western," need to saddle up: the photograph isn't a movie still. As our story stated, Beery was among the ranchers who opposed creating the Jackson Hole National Monument, and he and the others in this photograph, we have been assured, are protesting the establishment of the federal preserve that would eventually become the Grand Teton National Park. —Ed.

HOW AARON DIED

IN THE ARTICLE "Reconstructing Petra," the sidebar about Mount Aaron says "the Old Testament relates that . . . Aaron was left naked to die of exposure at the top of a mountain." This misrepresents what is described in Numbers 20:23-29. Verse 28 says, "After Moses had stripped Aaron of his garments and put them on his son Eleazar, Aaron died there on the mountain top. Then Moses and Eleazar came down from the mountain" [New American Standard, Updated]. The garments in question were the ceremonial robes of the high priest under which additional clothing was worn (Exodus 28:42). Moses placed the garments on Aaron's son Eleazar to show the transfer of the office. The text is clear that Aaron did not die alone, but rather in the presence of his son Eleazar and his brother Moses.

JOHN R. DAVIS, D. MIN.
RAPID CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA

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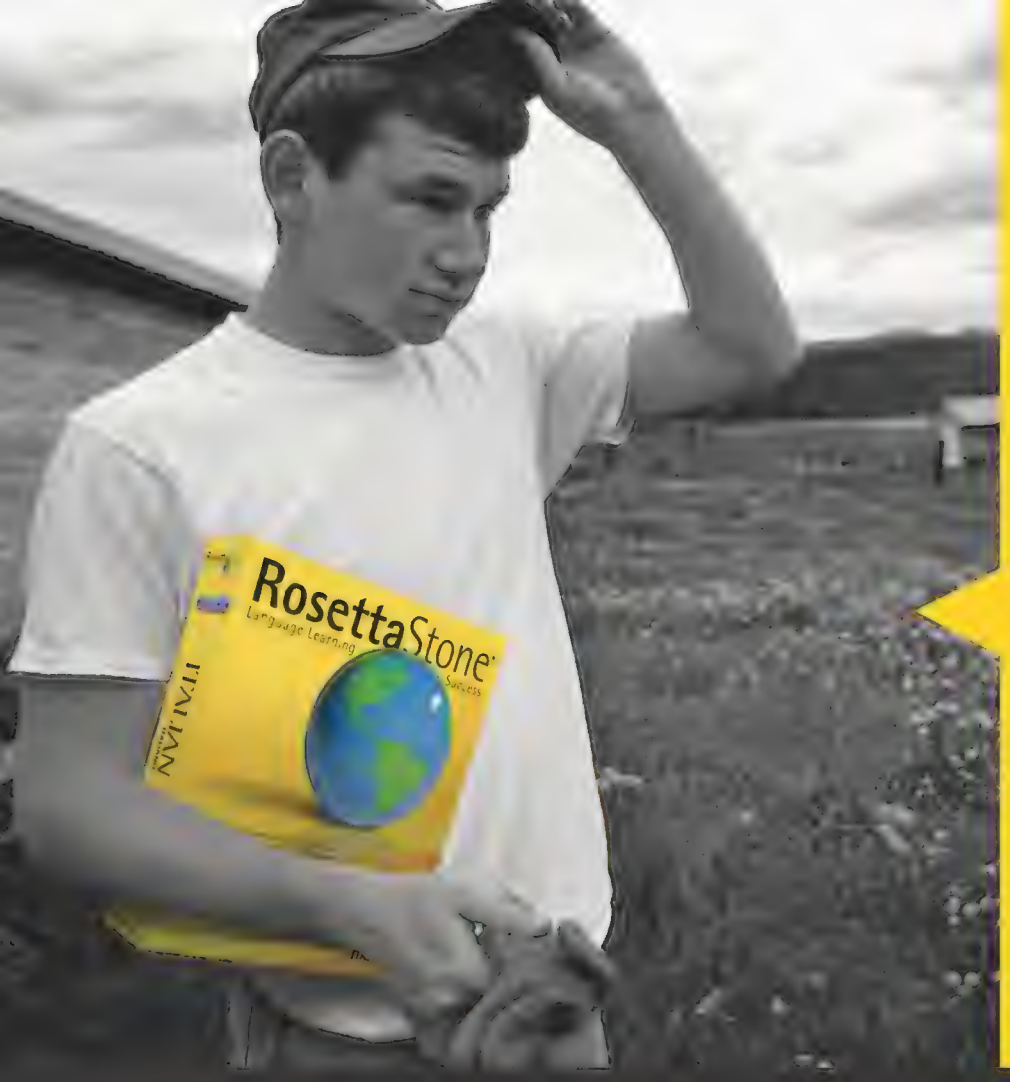

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WILD THINGS

LIFE AS WE KNOW IT

BY AMY CRAWFORD, LAURA HELMUTH, JULIA KAGANSKIY AND DAVID ZAX

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF MAMMOTHS

What doomed the woolly mammoth? The blame has sometimes been fixed on human hunters, but a study from the University of London and elsewhere argues otherwise. Analyzing DNA from mammoth bones, teeth and tusks from Siberia and Alaska, the researchers identified two major mammoth lineages. One died out about 43,000 years ago, before human beings could have had much impact. The other lineage declined until 12,000 years ago, when hunters may have finished off the last of the beasts.

DEEP-SEA CHATTER

Clownfish "chirp" and "pop" to defend territory or attract mates. Scientists from Belgium and Virginia, using X-rays and high-speed video, found that the fish has a specialized jaw ligament that snaps its teeth together to make these noises.

UNEXPECTED SURVIVORS

Against the odds, wildlife is flourishing in southern Sudan, beset by a 21-year civil war until 2005 (conflict continues in the western region of Darfur). Wildlife Conservation Society biologists, in the first aerial survey since 1982, estimate there are 1.2 million ungulates (tiang antelope, left) and 8,000 elephants.

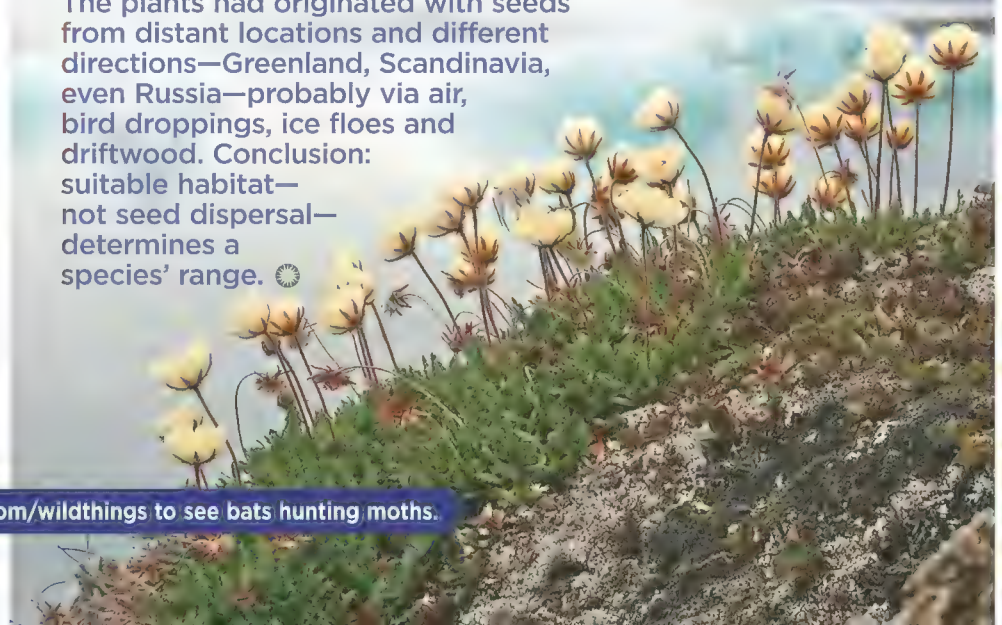
JONATHAN BLAIR / CORBIS; KEN KNEZICK - ISLAND DREAMS; PAUL ELKAN AND J. MICHAEL FAY / NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC / WILDLIFE CONSERVATION SOCIETY; WILLIAM E. CONNER; BJØRN ERIK SANDBAKK

Observed

NAME: *Euchaetes egle*, or Milkweed Tiger Moth.
POTENTIAL FOOD FOR: Red bats and big brown bats.
FAVORITE GAMBIT: Sounding gross. Literally. They don't *taste* gross, at least not to bats. But they deter their predators, which hunt by sonar, by imitating the high-pitched clicking sounds of certain other moths that taste so bad that bats steer clear.
BATS FALL FOR THAT? A Wake Forest University study shows that they do. In fact, it's the first time researchers have demonstrated that acoustic mimicry, like visual mimicry—think of those butterflies that look like foul-tasting monarchs—can fool predators.

TRAVELING PLANTS

Plants may be better pioneers than people realized, according to a new study led by University of Oslo researchers. They analyzed DNA from nine species of flowering plants in Svalbard, a remote island group between Norway and the North Pole, to see where the plants had come from. The plants had originated with seeds from distant locations and different directions—Greenland, Scandinavia, even Russia—probably via air, bird droppings, ice floes and driftwood. Conclusion: suitable habitat—not seed dispersal—determines a species' range.



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A Horrible Blessing

"How am I going to save my grandbabies?" she asked after the hurricane struck, two years ago this month

BY MARYALICE YAKUTCHIK

HURRICANE KATRINA had already driven Cynthia Scott from her home in the Algiers section of New Orleans, but her lowest moment was still to come. Stranded on a highway overpass, she was caring for six children and their mother, who had given birth to twins just two weeks before. After three days they had little water; their food supply consisted of two Rice Krispie Treats.

"I was thinking, how am I going to save my grandbabies?" Scott recalls. They included her biological grandchild, Dwayne, 8, a living link to a son of hers who had been slain in 1997, and five others—Rod'keesa, 5; Alaysa, 3; Yasmine, 1; and the newborn twins, Eric and Erin—belonging to Dwayne's mother, Erica Alphonse, 21.

During their second night on the overpass, they heard gunshots, and a seemingly demented old man stumbled into their midst, crying that they were all going to die. "No sir, we're not going to die," Scott said, trying to calm him. "Not tonight and not at this time."

The next morning, she saw the old man's body splayed at the bottom of a staircase leading off the overpass. "This man is dead," she recalls telling a National Guardsman. "And the Guard said, 'OK.' As if that *was* OK."

That was the moment she could no longer contain her rage and frustration. Scott noticed a man with an expensive camera: clearly, a member of the news media. She walked up to Michael Ainsworth of the *Dallas Morning News* and unloaded. "We've got thirsty, starving babies up here and no help coming," she fumed. "Where's the help?"

Ainsworth had just photographed the body at the bottom of the steps. "I was kind of emotional from seeing the old man dead," he recalls. "And she's emotional from the same thing. We were both of the same mind about this old man: that his death

MICHAEL AINSWORTH / DALLAS MORNING NEWS

"Where's the help?" Cynthia Scott demanded of photographer Michael Ainsworth after three days stranded on an overpass.

"Katrina," says Erica Alphonse, right (with Scott, Dwayne and the twins in June 2007), has "been a balance of bad and good."

was senseless." He didn't mind being the target of her fury, he says, "because really, there wasn't much more I could do." Scott sat down between Dwayne and the twins. Ainsworth took the photograph on p. 17, an unflinching look at the suffering Katrina wreaked two years ago this month.

Ainsworth and his colleagues learned in April 2006 that the *Morning News* had won the Pulitzer Prize for news photography for its Katrina coverage; those images, and others including the one of Scott, were collected into a book, *Eyes of the Storm*.

Ainsworth: unflinching.

On August 29, 2006, a year after the hurricane hit, Ainsworth received an e-mail from a woman in Houston named Rhonda Tavey. She was writing to say that Cynthia Scott and her family had been evacuated to Houston the day he photographed them. Tavey had helped Scott and Alphonse find jobs and homes, and the five youngest children were living with Tavey and her two teenage daughters in their three-bedroom house. In fact, Tavey had enrolled Alphonse's older children in elementary school and preschool and was taking care of the twins herself. Tavey, a single mother, was also recovering from a mastectomy. "I was all wound up in my own recovery, and maybe God thought I should focus on something else," she says.

Scott returned to New Orleans with Dwayne in June 2006. She now works there as a Wal-Mart cashier; he just finished second grade. Her house has a new roof, she says, but instead of repairing her walls, windows and floors, a contractor cheated her.

In November 2006, Alphonse returned to New Orleans. She landed a job in a concession at the Audubon Aquarium of the Americas and found an apartment. Her children joined her in June, but how long they would stay was uncertain. Alphonse was planning for the girls, and possibly the twin boys, to go back to Tavey at summer's end. In Houston, she says, the children have opportunities they don't have in New Orleans. "This whole ordeal from the hurricane until now, I don't want to say it was an adventure, I don't want to say vacation; it's been a balance of bad and good," she says. "It was horrible. But it was a blessing too."

Tavey has registered the children for school this fall. She calls daily to assure them that she and everything else they have come to know in Houston—choir, swimming, track, basketball and volleyball—is still there. "My door," she says, "is open."

MARYALICE YAKUTCHIK *is a freelance journalist based in Maryland.*

LEE CELANA / WPN; DALLAS MORNING NEWS

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POINTS OF INTEREST

THIS MONTH'S GUIDE TO NOTABLE AMERICAN DESTINATIONS AND HAPPENINGS

Grand View

HUALAPAI RESERVATION, ARIZONA—Since opening in late March, the horseshoe-shaped, glass-bottomed steel deck extending 70 feet past the western rim of the Grand Canyon has been drawing some 2,000 visitors a day. The Hualapai tribe, which owns a million acres on this remote side of the canyon (90 miles from the national park), built the Grand Canyon Skywalk to lure tourists, most of whom come from Las Vegas, 120 miles to the west. (The basic skywalk package, with lunch, is $75 per person.) Visitors wear paper booties to avoid scratching the glass floor. Some people, perhaps spooked by being 4,000 feet above the canyon floor in the roaring wind, cling to the side rails. The Colorado River, which carved the spectacular chasm over a period of six million years, slithers like an emerald snake far below one's feet. A layered sandstone and limestone formation called Eagle Point looks like a giant bird with outspread wings. Black ravens dip and dive around the peach-colored cliffs. The view is, in a word, awesome.

{ BY BETSEY BRUNER }

Nowhere Near Down Under

DAWSONVILLE, GEORGIA—Soon after boarding a safari truck, we spot a mob of kangaroos lounging beneath a stand of tulip poplars. Minutes later, we come upon about 40 more of the animals lolling in a grassy field. During the 90-minute tour, we see scores of them at this unlikely preserve of antipodean wildlife in the foothills of north Georgia, 60 miles from Atlanta.

Debbie and Roger Nelson, who have been breeding kangaroos in Georgia since 1984, opened the Kangaroo Conservation Center in 2000. The 87-acre facility boasts the largest collection of kangaroos outside Australia. All told, there are 300 animals representing 8 marsupial species. Several species, such as the brush-tailed bettong and the potoroo—small rat-like kangaroos—are threatened or endangered. "We don't want to see kangaroo populations follow the way of Tasmanian tigers, Asian tigers, elephants, gorillas and many other mammals who are either extinct or close to it," Debbie Nelson says.

Growing up in Florida, Debbie developed her fondness for wildlife frequenting private zoos that bred penguins and flamingos and rehabilitated injured dolphins and manatees. Roger hails from a farm in Connecticut, where his family raised cattle as a hobby. She was an art historian and he a mechanical engineer before giving in to their passion for animals. It was after breeding deer, llamas and antelope that the Nelsons tried kangaroos, starting with reds, one of the largest of the species. "It appeared that kangaroos generally did not thrive in captivity," Debbie says. "The challenge to change that inspired us."

The center also exhibits blue-winged kookaburras, panther chameleons and 70 other animals native to Australia and the Asian islands. It has supplied about 425 exotic animals to 30 zoos around the world and is certified by the Association of Zoos and Aquariums. The Nelsons "are doing a marvelous job," says Mickey Ollson, director of Wildlife World Zoo in Litchfield Park, Arizona, which has acquired kangaroos from the couple. "They're very, very dedicated to the animals."

Last year, more than 10,000 people visited the Kangaroo Conservation Center. Guided tours are $27.50.

{ BY NANCY HENDERSON }

KANGAROO CONSERVATION CENTER; CHRIS MALUSZYNSKI / MOMENT / REDUX

Visit Smithsonian.com/points to see kangaroo video.

Hot Spot

HATCH, NEW MEXICO—Thousands pay homage to the hot pod over Labor Day weekend at the homegrown Hatch Chile Festival, now in its 36th year. The air is heavy with the sharp, smoky aroma of roasting green chiles, which aficionados lug home in 40-pound sacks to freeze and use throughout the year. Vendors sell *ristras* (bright red chiles on a string), chile peanut brittle, chile jam and chile rellenos (breaded deep-fried green chiles stuffed with cheese) on a stick. Chiles are "definitely an acquired taste," says Hatch mayor Judd Nordyke, an Iowa native, but they're also "addictive." The Green Chile Queen—the high schooler who gives the best speech about chiles (one past winner used PowerPoint)—walks the grounds in tiara and satin gown while crowds watch the juice fly and the tears flow at the chile-eating contest. The first to down eight pods wins. { BY KATY JUNE-FRIESEN }

Ancient Text Messages

PHILADELPHIA—"Books, in Jewish tradition, are treated like people," says David Stern, a professor of classical Hebrew literature at the University of Pennsylvania. "When they're worn out, no longer used, they are buried." He points to a cherished example: the world's oldest manuscript of the Passover ritual, found in Cairo in an ancient *genizah*, a storage space for books awaiting burial. That 1,000-year-old document and dozens of rare Hebrew texts (left, a torah and early 20th-century wooden case) are on exhibition at the Rosenbach Museum & Library through August 26. Combing local libraries and private collections, Stern and Judith Guston, of the Rosenbach, united what he calls Philadelphia's "little diaspora of Jewish books."

One of the jewels of the Rosenbach Collection is the Bay Psalm Book, a 1640 edition of the Book of Psalms that the Massachusetts Bay Colony Puritans translated from Hebrew to English. It is the first book published in the American Colonies. Also on display is a 1695 prayer book, the first to include a map of the exodus, complete with drawings of cows and beehives symbolizing the land of milk and honey. An 18th-century miniature book of prayers contains the earliest known illustration of a bar mitzvah.

Many of the texts were originally brought to Philadelphia by A.S.W. Rosenbach (1876 -1952), one of the world's greatest book dealers. In 1924, he bought the handwritten manuscript of James Joyce's *Ulysses* a decade before courts ruled that the book was not obscene and could be published in the United States. Two years later, he set a world record by paying $106,000 for a Gutenberg Bible, and in 1928 he outbid the British Museum for the original manuscript of *Alice in Wonderland* that Lewis Carroll had given to Alice herself. "Other collectors are afraid of him," *Time* magazine reported in 1928. The museum and library opened in 1954 in the former Rosenbach residence. { BY DAVID ZAX }

For more images, visit Smithsonian.com/points.

Plantation Paintings

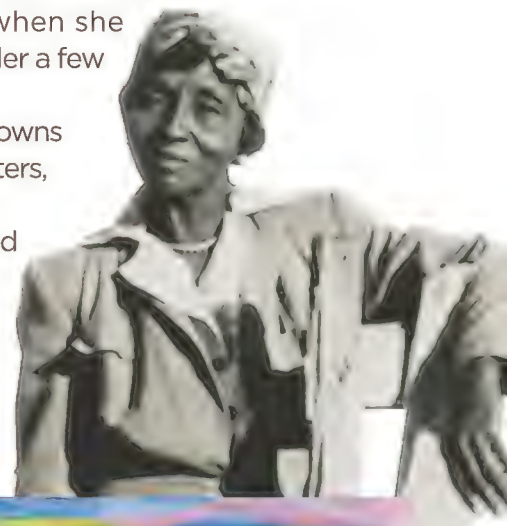
NEW ORLEANS—During her lifetime, the African-American self-taught artist Clementine Hunter, who died in 1988 at the age of 102, was known to few outside the Deep South. Today her work is widely collected, and her paintings, which sold for 25 cents in the 1940s, have fetched as much as $20,000, her quilts even more. Now 27 never-before-exhibited Hunters are being shown at the Ogden Museum of Southern Art, in New Orleans, through September 30. "The collection is important in its thematic unity, to the history of Clementine and her legacy, and to Louisiana," says Ogden director J. Richard Gruber.

On loan from a private collector, the paintings reflect life in the 1930s at Melrose Plantation, in Natchitoches, Louisiana. The plantation was founded in 1796 by a freed slave woman and her son who subsequently bought slaves to work their tobacco and cotton fields. Hunter, born on a nearby plantation a century later, began working as a field hand at Melrose when she was 14. By the 1920s the plantation had become an artist's colony, attracting the likes of William Faulkner and John Steinbeck. Legend has it that Hunter first took up painting in the 1940s upon finding some discarded brushes and paints while cleaning up after a visit by the New Orleans artist Alberta Kinsey.

Hunter went on to produce 4,000 paintings, most of them oils. When she didn't have canvas she painted on cardboard, old window shades, bottles, even brown paper bags. By turns fanciful and rough, Hunter's works show Melrose's cotton fields, pecan groves, flower garden, laundry and kitchen. With her palette of bright colors slashed by blacks and browns, she chronicled weddings, river baptisms, funerals and courtships (below, *Panorama of Baptism on Cane River*, 1945). Hunter remained at Melrose, now a National Historic Landmark, until the last decade of her life, when she moved to a house trailer a few miles away.

The Ogden, which owns several significant Hunters, had planned to open an entire wing devoted to her works in 2006. Then Katrina hit. The space is now scheduled to open in 2009.

{ BY JENNIFER MOSES }



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Greater New Orleans: Art & Innovation

The arts scene — and gallery walks — are booming, from the Arts District, with its groundbreaking Contemporary Arts Center, to Magazine Street, with its 60 blocks of boutiques and galleries offering pottery, jewelry and handcrafts. The French Quarter, famous for wrought-iron architectural details, is filled with galleries and historic buildings, most notably Jackson Square's St. Louis Cathedral, Cabildo and Presbytére. Museums include Ogden Museum of Southern Art, U.N.O., a Smithsonian Institution affiliate, which has the world's largest Southern art collection.

Plantation Country: Grand Exhibitions

Treasures in this historically rich area range from plantations filled with works of art to the Old State Capitol, a 150-year-old gothic-style building overlooking the Mississippi River. The Shaw Center combines rich diversity and breathtaking architecture, reflecting the dedication of the Baton Rouge community to the visual and performing arts. The Louisiana Art and Science Museum traces American and European styles of painting, while art of nearly every genre is on display at the Baton Rouge Gallery, one of the oldest professional artist cooperatives. Louisiana Mud Painting Gallery showcases nostalgic Louisiana scenes created with mud and other natural resources.

Cajun Country: Exquisite Crafts

Artisans display exceptional handcrafts in a historical setting at Louisiana Crafts Guild/Sans Souci Fine Crafts Gallery. In Lafayette, Blue Dog Café doubles as an art gallery, and funky shops spice up Jefferson Street Market. Zigler Museum has six centuries of European and American art, while Louisiana State Museum offers a fascinating look at aviation history. In Lake Charles, the historic homes in Charpentier make an artistic statement.

Crossroads: Culture Meets Arts

At River Oaks Square Arts Center, artists and craftsmen at work in their studios are part of the aesthetic experience. Natchitoches, long a hub for artistic expression, is known for its Art Guild and charming French Creole-style architecture. Nearby, time seems to have stood still within Cane River National Heritage Area, which has a historic park and 24 properties listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

Sportman's Paradise: Antiques Heaven

One of the gems here is Antique Alley, a mecca of one-of-a-kind treasures. At Meadows Museum, 1,500 works of art offer insight into world cultures and traditions — highlights include paintings by American Impressionist Alfred Maurer. Two museums explore the country's history: Louisiana State Exhibit Museum houses an outstanding collection of American Indian artifacts, while the Louisiana Military Museum chronicles conflicts from the Spanish American War to today's war on terror.

For more information about Louisiana, visit LouisianaTravel.com or call 800.568.9139.

To enter to win a trip to New Orleans for *Smithsonian*'s CultureFest, Oct. 26-28, 2007, visit Smithsonian.com/CultureFest

Allen Toussaint for the Louisiana Department
of Culture, Recreation and Tourism
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ATLANTA, GEORGIA

"It used to be said that Yankees knew of only two places in Georgia—the Coca-Cola factory and Tara—and one of those was fictional," notes Greene, below. (Atlanta's Olympic Park, above.)

Some Don't Like It Hot

Atlantans regard summer—and the overheated tourists it spawns—woefully

BY MELISSA FAY GREENE

ABOUT ATLANTA, people say just the opposite of what they say about New York City: It's a nice place to live, but you wouldn't want to visit there.

Especially in the summer.

Atlantans regard enthusiastic vacationers with dismay. We'll scramble some salty eggs for their breakfast and lay a pat of butter on their grits to get them started. We'll set the translucent plastic gallon-jug of Publix sweet iced tea sweating on the table among the coffee mugs. After that, they're on their own.

"What are we doing today?" our first-time guests from Oregon ask expectantly on the first Sunday morning after their arrival.

We regard them balefully.

"Don't you mean, what are *you* doing today? Because *we're* not going anywhere."

"Weren't we going to climb Stone Mountain?" they ask, with a hint of reproach. They don't want to have to remind us of the glorious hiking trips we once made together in the Cascade Mountains, through valleys of wildflowers, toward glacial peaks.

"It's 98 degrees out," we mention.

"At nine in the morning?"

"And humid," we add.

If you have to be in Atlanta in the summer, you'll want to spend the day standing near an air-conditioning unit, with the vents aimed at your face. By August, walking to your mailbox leaves you flushed and perspiring. Atlanta in the summer is

NAKI KOUYIOUMTZIS / AXIOM; GREG FOSTER

like the steam from a pot of boiling water. People say, "It's so hot the mosquitoes are sticking together."

I was born in Macon, Georgia, and lived in Savannah, Athens and Rome, Georgia (and Dayton, Ohio), before moving to Atlanta in 1982. When my husband and I were first married and lived in Rome (Georgia), we couldn't afford an air conditioner. So we lived as my parents and grandparents had lived in Macon in the pre-home-air-conditioning era: we went to a lot of air-conditioned movies and we opened all the windows at night, to welcome the occasional cool breeze, and then closed them again before dawn. We spent a lot of time strolling slowly, slowly, up and down the freezer aisles of the local Piggly Wiggly grocery; we set up a bowl of ice in front of an oscillating fan; and we finally, on a summer night of supreme misery, sat in our living room with our bare feet resting in a cooler filled with ice water.

I once visited a friend in East Lansing, Michigan, who is an entomologist, studying mosquitoes. He invited me into the closet in which he raised his mosquitoes by the thousands, on dozens of shelves filled with Tupperware containers of still water. It was unpleasant in the closet, hot and close and clammy. "You like this?" he asked.

"No."

"You should," he said. "It's Atlanta, August 2, 1985."

Why travelers choose to visit Atlanta in the summer is a mystery to us.

Why they would expect *us* to step outside our air-conditioned houses to scale, in sneakered blistered feet, the granite bulge called Stone Mountain, in order to achieve an even greater closeness to its Confederate engravings—and to the sun—also eludes us. Why they imagine that we would want to stand with them in a line of sticky untucked people on the parking lot outside the Coca-Cola museum is beyond understanding.

The greatest mystery of all is why the International Olympic Committee (IOC) chose to bless Atlanta with the 1996 Summer Olympics.

"It's . . . Ah . . ." began IOC president Juan Samaranch in the famous announcement on September 18, 1990, the "Ah" sound ruling out everyone but us and Athens, Greece. The entire city fell silent around a hundred thousand radios and televisions, waiting for the next syllable or syllables. ". . . tlanta," he finally finished.

"Is he crazy?" we asked one another. "Has he actually ever *been* to Atlanta in summertime?"

The city then had to scramble to produce a marketing slogan to justify the IOC's choice.

Unlike Athens, Greece, there was no millennium of glorious history at our backs, no ancient ruins, no magnificent landscape, no closeness to seas and bays and beaches and islands and soft Mediterranean breezes.

The proposed Olympic slogans were thus light on specifics.

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"Atlanta: Not Bad for Georgia," was suggested.

"Atlanta: We're Better Than Birmingham."

"Atlanta: Atnalta Spelled Backwards."

And finally: "Atlanta: We Got the Olympics and You Didn't."

None of these was made official. I dare say not a single one of the five million people currently living within the greater Atlanta metropolitan area can recite, today, the winning slogan. I just looked it up myself. The official slogan of the 1996 Atlanta Summer Olympics was: "The Celebration of the Century."

Does this give you a hint that we don't have a clue what to do with people who come to visit?

When Atlantans travel and are introduced to non-Atlantans, the non-Atlantans instantly, universally, unfailingly say: "I've changed planes there dozens of time, but I've never stepped outside the airport."

What Atlantans usually think about this admission is: "Wise choice."

In Birmingham and Charlotte and Mobile, people say: "You have to change planes in Atlanta to get to heaven."

Atlantans think: "Don't detour into town."

A lot of visitors come to Atlanta because they want to see the original Tara, the plantation where Scarlett O'Hara or Vivien Leigh or Margaret Mitchell or whoever lived in *Gone With the Wind*. It used to be said that Yankees knew of only two places in Georgia—the Coca-Cola factory and Tara—and one of those was fictional. According to *Frommer's* travel guide, among the questions most frequently posed by visitors to Atlanta is: "Where are Scarlett and Rhett buried?"

We don't have time for such questions.

And we don't like seeing visitors staggering down Peachtree Street, dazed by the heat, looking in vain for pillared mansions, hoop skirts and fields of cotton.

The real Atlanta isn't on display.

The real Atlanta unfurls her beauty in the spring, then folds it up again, as into a perfumed hope chest, well before July and August.

Atlanta in the spring is the loveliest place on earth. Atlanta in the spring is the Disneyland of flowers.

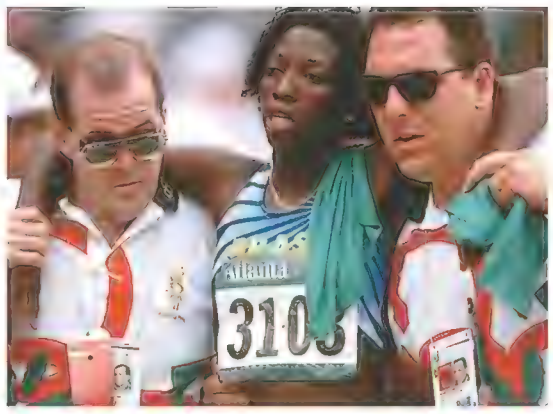
There is a morning in spring when we awaken to the shy presence of the pear trees in wedding gowns of white blossoms; and the dogwood trees, like bridesmaids, are beribboned with their own white or light-pink flowers. This day is the Deep South's version of first snow.

Soon, like the aunts on the groom's side with cheap taste, the azalea bushes bustle into view, lipsticked and rouged in brightest scarlet and purple; wisteria vines pour their lavender flowers down like shawls.

The real Atlanta would not be recognizable to Margaret

P. 27 WALLY MCNAMEE / CORBIS

Mitchell's cotton planters. Atlanta today is a dazzling modern and cosmopolitan city with people from every nation and culture. Atlanta's mayor is an African-American woman named Shirley Franklin. The birthplace and final resting place of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., Atlanta celebrates Black History Month *every* month. Our local high school educates students from 57 different countries. The Druid Hills soccer team (which reached the state semifinals) fielded players from Somalia, Ethiopia, Mexico, Sudan and Japan. The intersection near my house has Greek, Ethiopian, Mexican, Italian, French, Chinese, Thai and vegan restaurants. Within a mile you can visit a Hmong congregation, a Russian Orthodox church and a Muslim mosque. I came home from errands one morning and realized I hadn't spoken to a single native-English speaker in three hours. The butcher was Iranian, his cashier, Ghanaian; the bakery woman, Russian; the dry cleaner, East Indian. Back at home I found a Honduran carpenter and a Nigerian baby sitter.



Long hot summer: First-aid workers assist Brazilian runner Luciana Mendes during the 1996 Olympic Games.

Do visit Atlanta, but not in the summer.

Come in late February or March or April, when the sky is bright blue and the flower show is beginning. Check into a bed-and-breakfast in midtown and wander around on foot. Walk up and down long, deeply shady residential streets to the sound of whirring sprinklers. Say, "How you?" "Nice to see you," to everyone you pass.

Or bike. Bump along sidewalks made topsy-turvy by the roots of the tulip poplar trees. Even on a bike, wearing your helmet, you'll want to say, "Hey," or "How you doing?" to people you ride past. A thousand scented petals circle lazily down from the trees.

Or rollerblade. Rollerblade in Piedmont Park, over the bridge, around the lake. Admire the long, lean leotard-clad rollerbladers whizzing by. Listen to many languages. Admire biracial couples, gay couples, multiracial family groups. Bike or walk or rollerblade or run your dogs down the long forested drive, closed to traffic, of Lullwater Park of Emory University. Feed crackers to the geese. Climb the magnolia tree there. Forget to ask for directions to Tara.

Atlanta: Come for the people. Come for the flowers. Come in the spring.

MELISSA FAY GREENE's *most recent books include* There Is No Me Without You *(2006) and* Last Man Out *(2003).*

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THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

AUGUST ANNIVERSARIES
MOMENTOUS OR MERELY MEMORABLE

BY ALISON McLEAN

420 YEARS AGO
LITTLE GIRL LOST

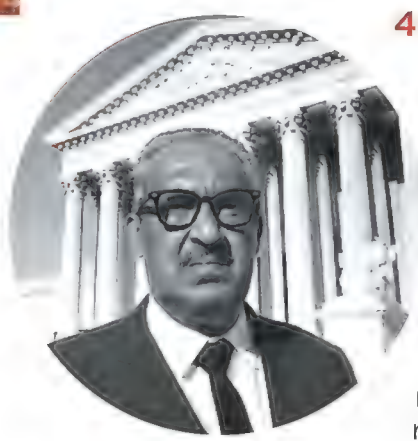
Virginia Dare is born August 18, 1587, on Roanoke Island, the first child of English parents in America. Days later her grandfather, the colony's governor, leaves for England for supplies; on his return in 1590 the settlers, and the girl, are gone, leaving only the word "Croatoan" carved in a post. Killed by Indians or gone native (J.L.G. Ferris' take, right)? Dare's fate and that of the "Lost Colony" is a mystery.

110 YEARS AGO
MIRACLE WORKER

German chemist Felix Hoffmann, searching for new drugs for Bayer, his employer, synthesizes aspirin in August 1897. Using formulas developed by Frenchman Charles Gerhardt, Hoffmann makes acetylsalicylic acid, a stable form of a willow tree derivative known since antiquity to ease pain. Easier on stomachs than tree bark, aspirin—70 million pounds of it annually—is used today to treat heart disease and other ailments. And it still works on headaches.

60 YEARS AGO
HIGH SEAS HOOPLA

Norwegian ethnologist Thor Heyerdahl and crew crash-land *Kon-Tiki*, their 45-foot balsa raft, on Raroia Atoll August 7, 1947, some 101 days after leaving Callao, Peru. For Heyerdahl, the trip proves that Polynesia could have been settled by South Americans. For many scientists, it just means balsa is stronger than they thought. Heyerdahl's film of the adventure wins an Oscar in 1951.



40 YEARS AGO MISTER CIVIL RIGHTS

By a Senate vote of 69 to 11, Thurgood Marshall, 59, is confirmed as the first African-American justice of the U.S. Supreme Court on August 30, 1967. Marshall, most recently solicitor general, had successfully argued before the court 29 times, notably against school segregation in Brown v. Board of Education in 1954. Ruling initially with the liberal majority, and later frequently dissenting as the court swings conservative, Marshall opines against capital punishment and for affirmative action. Illness forces his retirement in 1991, and he dies in 1993, at age 84.

100 YEARS AGO MASTER SCOUT

British veteran Robert Baden-Powell leads 22 boys in a camping experiment that becomes the Boy Scouts, in August 1907. Teaching army scout skills—woodcraft, deduction, boatsmanship, chivalry—Baden-Powell tests his ideas on making boys into "real men and good citizens." In 1908 he publishes *Scouting for Boys*; 11,000 scouts attend a 1909 rally. Today some 28 million scouts—girls and boys—seek badges in 155 countries.

130 YEARS AGO
MARTIAN MOONS

Astronomer Asaph Hall, after secretly searching for satellite objects around Mars for several consecutive nights at the U.S. Naval Observatory in Washington, D.C., sees a faint object on August 11, 1877. On August 16 it is still there, and "the thing was too good to keep and I let [the secret] out." The next night Hall spies a second moon. He names the moons Phobos and Deimos (Fear and Terror) after the sons of Mars' Greek counterpart, Ares. The tiny moons—Phobos is 16.5 miles in diameter, Deimos only 9 miles—are irregular in shape and are thought today to be asteroids captured by Mars' orbit.

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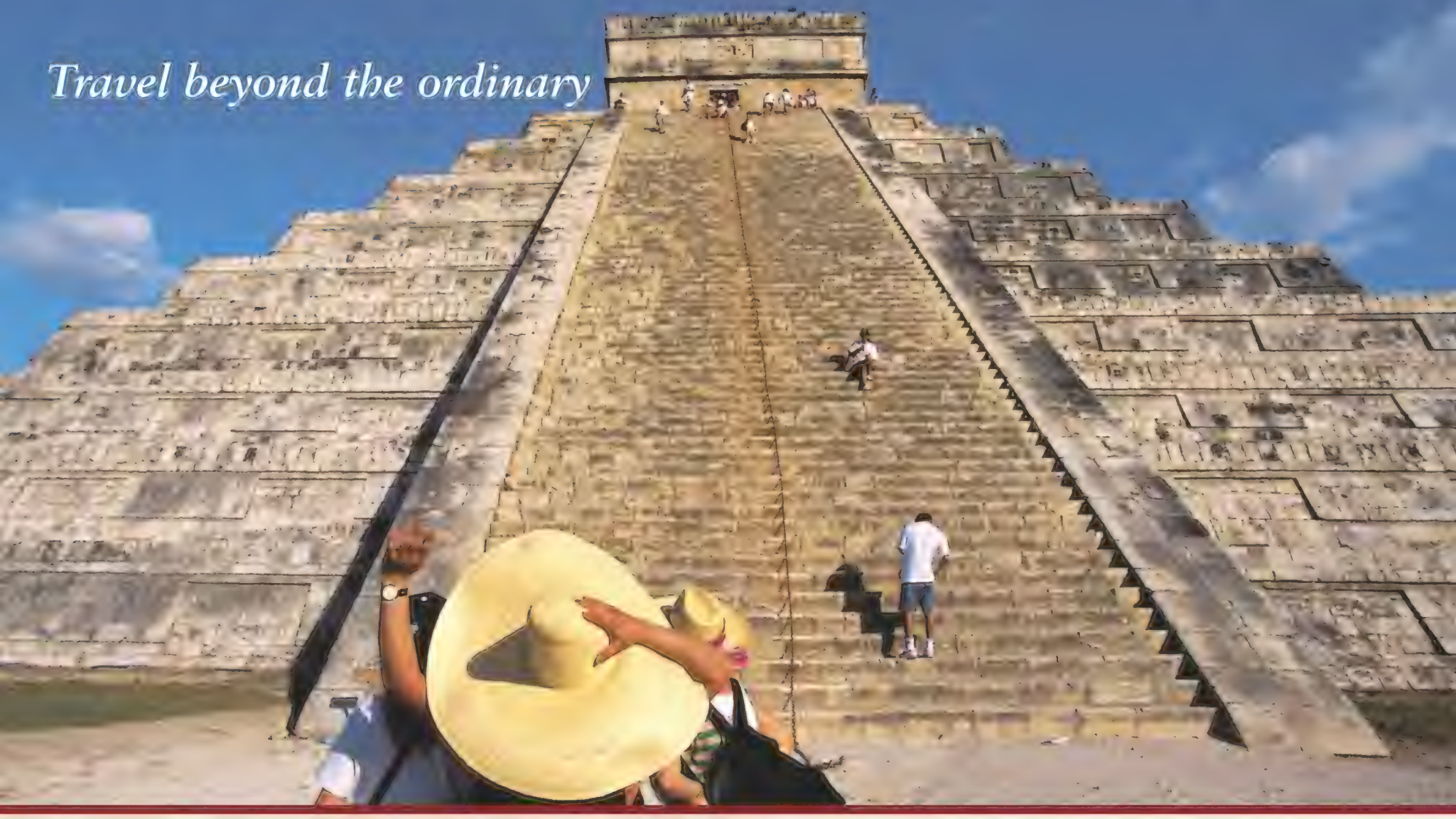

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Around the Mall

SCENES AND SIGHTINGS FROM THE SMITHSONIAN MUSEUMS AND BEYOND

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CREATIVE SPACES

Among the 75 artists pictured in Liza Kirwin's new book, *Artists in Their Studios*, is the renowned N. C. Wyeth, in Denver, Colorado, in 1904. A model in full cowboy regalia patiently holds his pose for the jauntily clad Wyeth, a bandanna at his neck, who is at work on the painting *Rounding-up, Little Rattlesnake Creek*. Kirwin,

{ CONTINUED ON PAGE 33 }

ALLEN TUPPER TRUE AND TRUE FAMILY PAPERS / SAAM

N. C. Wyeth (at work in 1904 on a painting that would appear in *Scribner's*) studied the West from his Denver studio.

FROM THE CASTLE

Mighty Mouse

BY CRISTIÁN SAMPER

I RECENTLY MET a family visiting the Smithsonian from Alabama. The mother had come here 15 years ago with her high-school class, and she was proud to bring her children now. She told me something that has stayed with me: the family had saved for three years to make the trip.

Each year 23 million people visit the Smithsonian. Now, through our Web sites, we can offer the countless others who cannot visit in person a virtual showcase of our collections: the art masterpieces, the historic artifacts, the rare minerals, the planes and rockets, the strange creatures of the deep. We're well under way to digitizing our major holdings with engaging explanations, interactive elements, audio, 3-D and high-resolution images and video. The Smithsonian collections comprise 136.9 million objects and specimens. We now have about 10 percent of them available electronically.

Already the Smithsonian has won five Webby Awards, a.k.a. the Oscars of the Internet. The first went to this magazine; the second, in 2005, recognized our "Lakota Winter Counts" (Plains Indian pictorial calendars), an online exhibit (wintercounts.si.edu). This year's three Webbys were for sites for the Smithsonian Photography Initiative (photography.si.edu), which offers a selection of the Institution's 13 million photographic images; the Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum's new "People's Design Award" (peoples designaward.org); and the Smithsonian Center for Education and Museum Studies' gateway to more than 1,200 free educational resources (smithsonianeducation.org). On this site, teachers can find specialized lesson plans, virtual exhibits and other resources based on Smithsonian treasures.

The award-winning Smithsonian photography site offers a wealth of images (aviatrix Marion Florsheim with Afghan, c. 1937).

Webby Honorable Mention awards this year went to the American Art Museum's "Del Corazon! Latino Voices in American Art" (delcorazon.si.edu), the Cooper-Hewitt's main Web site (cooperhewitt.org) and smithsonianeducation.org. And that's not all. The Astrophysical Observatory's Chandra telescope site (chandra.harvard.edu), with video podcasts illustrating NASA's Chandra X-ray Observatory, won a Pirelli Award (for scientific and technological communication on the Internet), and the Postal Museum's main Web site (arago.si.edu) received honorable mention for an American Association of Museums MUSE award.

Of course, developing our Web sites requires considerable resources. The Terra Foundation for American Art gave the Archives of American Art $3.6 million to scan and digitize more than 1.2 million documents. And EMC Corporation donated a high-capacity archival storage system for the "digital Smithsonian." We're grateful that such partners enable us to expand our service to the public—so that more of the Smithsonian will be just a mouse click away.

CRISTIÁN SAMPER *is Acting Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.*

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Painters at Work

{ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 }

a curator of the Smithsonian's Archives of American Art, describes her new book as a "champagne tour of the extraordinary workspaces of American artists." John Singer Sargent, in his Paris studio in 1884, stands before his scandalous portrait of *Madame X*. Andy Warhol sits amid a crop of silk-screened *Flowers* in his New York City Factory in 1964. Roy Lichtenstein, in 1979, sports a Cheshire grin in his converted Long Island garage filled with Pop Art images. And then there's Jackson Pollock.

In June 1950, *ARTnews* magazine assigned the photographer Rudy Burckhardt to document Pollock at work. The 38-year-old Abstract Expressionist had been causing quite a stir. His canvases were nothing more than a "pother of paint," according to the *New York Times*, while *Life* magazine suggested that Pollock might be the greatest living painter in the United States. At Pollock's studio, a barn in rural Springs, Long Island, Burckhardt wanted to focus on Pollock's unconventional technique: dripping paint, sometimes directly from the tube, over large canvases laid across the floor. But Pollock refused to paint for the photographer: he said his current piece, *No. 32*, was already finished.

What Pollock did agree to do was pretend. With a brush in one hand and a paint can in the other, he leaned across the canvas with an extended arm as if attacking the piece with his splatters. *ARTnews* refused to publish the faked picture. But today, Kirwin notes in her book, the picture is significant because it depicts "a new image of 'The Great American Painter'—masculine, impetuous, and physically engaged in the creative act." Given the studio's poor lighting, she explains, the artist known for his frenetic and wild attack on the canvas had to "freeze his action" so the photographer could get a clear image.

Kirwin: Studios reflect the "artistic personae."

Though staged, this 1950 photo of Jackson Pollock still captures the painter in action.

The connection between artists and their environments is plainly evident in a 1966 photograph of sculptor Louise Nevelson in New York City. She's working on one of her black-painted pieces in a room completely bathed in black. Nevelson also maintained a white studio a few doors away for her white pieces. "Studios can tell you about who the artist is and how he or she works," says Kirwin. And photographs of artists at the easel or even bent over the floor, Kirwin says, "capture the physical act of creating at pivotal moments in the history of American art." { BY CHAI WOODHAM }

Visit Smithsonian.com/mall to see more from the book.

The Dignity of the Subject

W.E.B. Du Bois, the civil rights leader and sociologist, understood the power of photography to reshape public attitudes. "Why do not more young colored men and women take up photography as a career?" Du Bois wrote in 1923. "The average white photographer does not know how to deal with colored skins and having neither sense of the delicate beauty or tone nor will to learn, he makes a horrible botch of portraying them."

As it happens, perhaps the most stirring photograph of Du Bois had been taken around 1911 by a black photographer named Addison N. Scurlock, who ran a photography studio with his sons in Washington, D.C. "His portraits are different because of the lighting," says Deborah Willis, a photo historian at New York University. "He found elements to enhance the dignity of the subject."

The Du Bois portrait is one of 100 photographs of African-American luminaries from the Smithsonian now on display at the International Center for Photography in New York City. The exhibition, curated by Willis, also includes portraits of Sojourner Truth and Richard Pryor. The first show by the Smithsonian's new National Museum of African American History and Culture, it opens October 9 at the National Portrait Gallery. { BY DAVID ZAX }

One of those photographed by Scurlock (left, undated) was a resplendent Du Bois, who grasped the power of a picture.

Visit Smithsonian.com/mall to view more of the exhibition's portraits.

BRENDAN SMIALOWSKI; RUDY BURCKHARDT / ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY, NY; AARON SCURLOCK / NPG, SI; SCURLOCK STUDIO / NMAH, SI

THE OBJECT AT HAND | Turbo PC, 1985

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AMERICAN HISTORY

BABY DELL

A proto PC harkens back to the birth of an industry

BY OWEN EDWARDS

WHEN HE WAS 15, in 1980, Michael Dell took apart an Apple II computer and reassembled it, much as an earlier generation of teenagers had taken apart the engines of their Fords and Chevies. A few years later, Dell, by then a pre-med student at the University of Texas at Austin and founder of a small company he called PC's Limited, was putting together computers from components and selling the machines to fellow students.

Dell never became a doctor, but he did all right. In 2007, his net worth was reported to exceed $14.2 billion. Along with other pioneers in a nascent industry—among them Steve Jobs and Bill Gates—Dell joined one of his generation's most select clubs—self-made tech moguls.

Of course, willing consumers were essential to his success. One of them was Clint Johnson, a freelance writer living outside Jefferson, North Carolina. In 1985, at age 32, Johnson bade farewell to his Remington typewriter and ordered a PC's Limited Turbo computer. He was customer number 00100. "In those days," he recalls, "there wasn't any Internet or big box electronic store where you could get information about computers. I ended up asking the tech guys at the corporate offices of Red Lobster [where Johnson worked] what they'd recommend. The reason I decided on a PC's Limited machine was that you could order over the phone and they'd deliver it."

The PC's Limited, of course, remains the model that defines Dell Computers. Johnson's pre-Dell computer featured a 10-megabyte hard drive and a 5.25-inch floppy drive (back when floppies really were floppy). To compare the PC's Limited Turbo with any current desktop (or even laptop) is, of course, to set a BB gun against an ICBM. The monitor, made by Amdek, had a dark screen with low-contrast amber letters and numbers, the digital equivalent of shadows on the wall of Plato's cave. The complete package cost Johnson $895. "It always sounded as if it were coming apart," Johnson recalls. "I never did figure out why."

When Johnson read a 1987 *Business Week* article about Dell and his company, he "recognized that I had a historic

Michael Dell (at 24 in 1989, above) may have assembled this Turbo PC.

REBECCA MCENTEE / AP IMAGES; HAROLD DORWIN, SI

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artifact, an early product of what is now a Fortune 50 company. So when I moved up to a newer computer, I wrapped it up and put it in the attic." At the keyboard of several later Dell computers, Johnson went on to write several books (his most recent, *A Politically Incorrect Guide to the South*). But, he says, "I wrote a lot of articles on that first machine." Some years ago, Johnson phoned Dell's PR department to ask if there might be interest in his relic. "All I got for my trouble," he recalls, "was a plastic Dell coffee cup."

But in 2005, when Dell opened a new factory in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, not far from where Johnson and his wife, Barbara, were living at the time, he tried again. His hope was to trade his piece of digital history for the latest Dell. This time he reached Donna Oldham in the PR office; she readily agreed to the trade.

Soon after, Dell offered the computer to David K. Allison, a curator at Smithsonian's National Museum of American History (NMAH). Allison recognized that it would fit well into what he calls the museum's "rich collection of early personal computers, including an Altair and an Apple Lisa." The Johnson computer is on temporary display in the "Treasures of American History" exhibition, housed at the Air and Space Museum until the renovated NMAH opens in 2008.

That Michael Dell had never tried to acquire a PC's Limited computer as his company grew did not surprise Allison. "Entrepreneurs aren't thinking about the past," he says, "they're focused on tomorrow." Dell, 42, may still be focusing on tomorrow, but the PC's Limited Turbo did evoke a hint of nostalgia. At the Smithsonian's donation ceremony in May, Dell disclosed that he might have assembled this very Dell himself; he was still working on the factory floor in 1985. When asked if the machine had been booted up since the company reacquired it, Dell replied that it hadn't. "It's out of warranty," he said.

OWEN EDWARDS *is a freelance writer and author of the book* Elegant Solutions.

Q&A

LESLIE MARMON SILKO, whose groundbreaking novel *Ceremony* has just been rereleased in a 30th-anniversary edition, recently appeared at the National Museum of the American Indian. She spoke with the magazine's David Zax.

YOU ARE ARGUABLY THE FIRST NATIVE AMERICAN FEMALE NOVELIST. HOW HAVE THINGS CHANGED SINCE YOU PUBLISHED YOUR FIRST NOVEL IN 1977? When *Ceremony* was first published, it was considered "advanced," so that [only] graduate students would read it. Then pretty soon undergraduates were reading it, and now it's a book that the Ivy League colleges have on their lists of the books you're supposed to have read by your senior year [in high school]. So over time there's been a huge shift in the whole culture.

YOUR FATHER IS A PHOTOGRAPHER. DID HIS WORK INFLUENCE DESCRIPTIONS OF THE LAND IN YOUR WRITING? My father would take me with him sometimes when he would go out to make his photographs. He had high standards for the way the sky should look for his landscapes, that the sky should always have beautiful clouds—otherwise, why bother to take the photograph? From a really early age I was aware of looking at the land and shadows and sky and clouds, and so I think that part of my awareness and attention to that probably does come from my early experience with my dad.

HOW IS STORYTELLING PARTICULARLY SIGNIFICANT TO THE LAGUNA PUEBLO, YOUR TRIBE? [In many] indigenous cultures the oral literatures encompass the whole worldview, the whole identity of the people, the philosophy, the history. And so storytelling at Laguna Pueblo and among a lot of indigenous groups isn't just some kind of evening entertainment: it's the whole basis of community.

TRAFFIC JAM The Drivers Union of Accra, Ghana, makes music out of a sound usually heard only in traffic—rowdy honking. They also bang bells, drum, sing, call-and-respond and laugh heartily. The rambunctious music, called Por Por (from the Ghanaian word for car horn), originated with drivers who made a racket to scare off threatening animals if their trucks broke down at night. Catch them on *Por Por: Honk Horn Music of Ghana*, new from Smithsonian Folkways Recordings. { BY DAVID ZAX }

Visit Smithsonian.com/mall to hear music by the Drivers Union.

KATHERINE FOGDEN / NMAI, SI; STEVEN FELD

What's Up

SURF THE ARCTIC Anthropologists in the 19th century commissioned Kodiak Island's Sugpiaq people to demonstrate their boat-building techniques. Their foot-long model (right) is part of the Smithsonian's Inuit culture collection, browsable at a new Web site, alaska.si.edu.

AMERICAN RHYTHMS

Invented by Slovakian immigrants, the resonator guitar (above) would become a fixture of bluegrass, blues, country and even Hawaiian music. A new Smithsonian exhibition, traveling around the country through 2009, traces the distinctive sounds of American roots music to their often surprising origins.

NOT A HOLLYWOOD SEQUEL

American video artist Takeshi Murata mutates footage from B-movies and action flicks, adding techno soundtracks to create hypnotic digital films (2006's *Untitled (Pink Dot)* samples 1982's *Rambo: First Blood*). At the Hirshhorn through September 9.

HORNED DINOSAUR LANDS AT ZOO

The Smithsonian acquired the fiberglass triceratops soon after it appeared in the 1968 movie *The Enormous Egg*. Generations of children have visited "Uncle Beazley" at the Anacostia and Natural History museums and the Zoo, where it was recently moved (handlers Joe Proskine, left, and Preston Burke) into a garden of dinosaur-era plants.

FANTASY COAST

Prolific folk artist Earl Cunningham (1893–1977) livened up his American landscapes with fanciful colors and out-of-place details—such as flamingos in Maine and Viking ships in Florida. Fifty of his 400 oil paintings (*Plantation*, c. 1955-65) are at American Art starting August 10.

{ BY AMY CRAWFORD }

VISIT THE SMITHSONIAN For a free Associates' planning packet, call 202 633-1000 or 202 633-5285 (TTY), 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday and 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday. Or send an e-mail to info@si.edu. The Smithsonian Information Center in the Castle is open daily, 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Members can visit the reception desk between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m. to register for a behind-the-scenes tour and to hear about membership benefits. Most museums are open daily, 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. All museums are closed December 25.

Visit Smithsonian.com/whatsup for a complete list of events and exhibitions.

ROBERT LEOPOLD / ARCTIC STUDIES CENTER / NMNH, SI; TAKESHI MURATA / HIRSHHORN MUSEUM, SI; JIM HERRINGTON / SITES; JESSIE COHEN / NZP, SI; EARL CUNNINGHAM / SAAM

The Pirate

The attack came after daybreak. The *Delta Ranger*, a cargo ship carrying bauxite, was steaming through the ink-blue Indian Ocean in January 2006, about 200 nautical miles off Somalia's coast. A crewman on the bridge spied two speedboats zooming straight at the port side of his vessel. Moments later, bullets tore into the bridge, and vapor trails from rocket-propelled grenades streaked across the bow: pirates.

A member of the *Delta Ranger*'s crew sounded the ship's whistle, and the cargo ship began maneuvering away as bullets thudded into its hull. The captain radioed a message to distant Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, where the International Maritime Bureau (IMB) operates the world's only pirate reporting and rescue center. In describing the attack, he added that the pirates seemed to be using a hijacked Indian dhow, a fishing vessel, as their mother ship.

The center's duty officer immediately radioed an alert to all ships in the *Delta Ranger*'s vicinity and found that two other cargo ships had escaped similar attacks in recent days. The duty officer's next message went to the USS *Winston S. Churchill*, a Navy guided-missile destroyer on patrol about 100 nautical miles from the pirates' last reported position. Soon after, the *Churchill* headed for the dhow.

Smithsonian
{ AUGUST 2007 · VOLUME 38, NUMBER 5 }

Hunters

Though buccaneering is back with a vengeance, stepped-up law enforcement and high-tech tools are helping protect shipping on the high seas

BY PAUL RAFFAELE

Arrest at Sea

When pirates attacked the cargo ship *Delta Ranger* off Somalia, the ship's captain radioed for help, saying the bandits were aboard a hijacked Indian dhow (1), or fishing vessel. The captain's report was relayed to the USS *Winston S. Churchill* (2, 3), and the guided-missile destroyer raced to catch the dhow before it entered Somali territorial waters, where it would be out of reach. Once the vessel, with two boats in tow, was intercepted (4), the *Churchill* sent a boarding party (5). Ten Somalis were taken to Kenya to face trial for piracy (6).

PIRATES HAVE BEEN causing trouble ever since men first went down to the sea in ships, or at least since the 14th century B.C., when Egyptian records mention Lukkan pirates raiding Cyprus. A millennium later, Alexander the Great tried to sweep the Mediterranean clear of marauding bandits, to no avail. In 75 B.C., ship-based cutthroats took Julius Caesar hostage and ransomed him for 50 talents. The historian Plutarch wrote that Caesar then returned with several ships, captured the pirates and crucified the lot of them.

That hardly spelled the end of pirating. At the beginning of the 13th century A.D., Eustace the Monk terrorized the English Channel, and the European colonization of the Americas, with all its seaborne wealth, led to the so-called golden age of piracy, from 1660 to 1730—the era of Blackbeard, Black Bart, Captain Kidd and other celebrated pirates of the Caribbean. The era ended only after seafaring nations expanded their navies and prosecuted more aggressively to deal with the threat.

Now the seedy romance of the golden-age legends may be supplanted by a new reality: as governments cut their navies after the cold war, as thieves have gotten hold of more powerful weapons and as more and more cargo has moved by sea, piracy has once again become a lucrative form of waterborne mugging. Attacks at sea had become rare enough to be a curiosity in the mid-20th century, but began to reappear in the 1970s. By the 1990s, maritime experts noted a sharp increase in attacks, which led the IMB to establish the Piracy Reporting Centre in 1992—and still the buccaneering continued, with a high of 469 attacks registered in 2000. Since then, improvements in reporting, ship-tracking technology and government reaction have calmed the seas somewhat—the center counted 329 attacks in 2004, down to 276 in 2005 and 239 last year—but pirates remain very much in business, making the waters off Indonesia, Bangladesh, Nigeria and Somalia especially perilous. "We report hundreds of acts of piracy each year, many hundreds more go undetected," says Capt. Noel Choong, head of the Piracy Reporting Centre, in Kuala Lumpur. "Ships and their crews disappear on the high seas and coastal waters every year, never to be seen again." Even stationary targets, such as oil platforms, are at risk.

Global commerce would collapse without oceangoing ships to transfer the world's fuel, minerals and bulk commodities, along with much of its medicines and foodstuffs. According to the U.S. Maritime Administration, about 95 percent of the world's trade travels by water. Boston-based

"We report hundreds of acts of piracy each year, many hundreds more go undetected," says Capt. Noel Choong of the Piracy Reporting Centre in Kuala Lumpur (with his face obscured for security reasons). He often works under cover, using a network of informants to help retrieve hijacked ships.

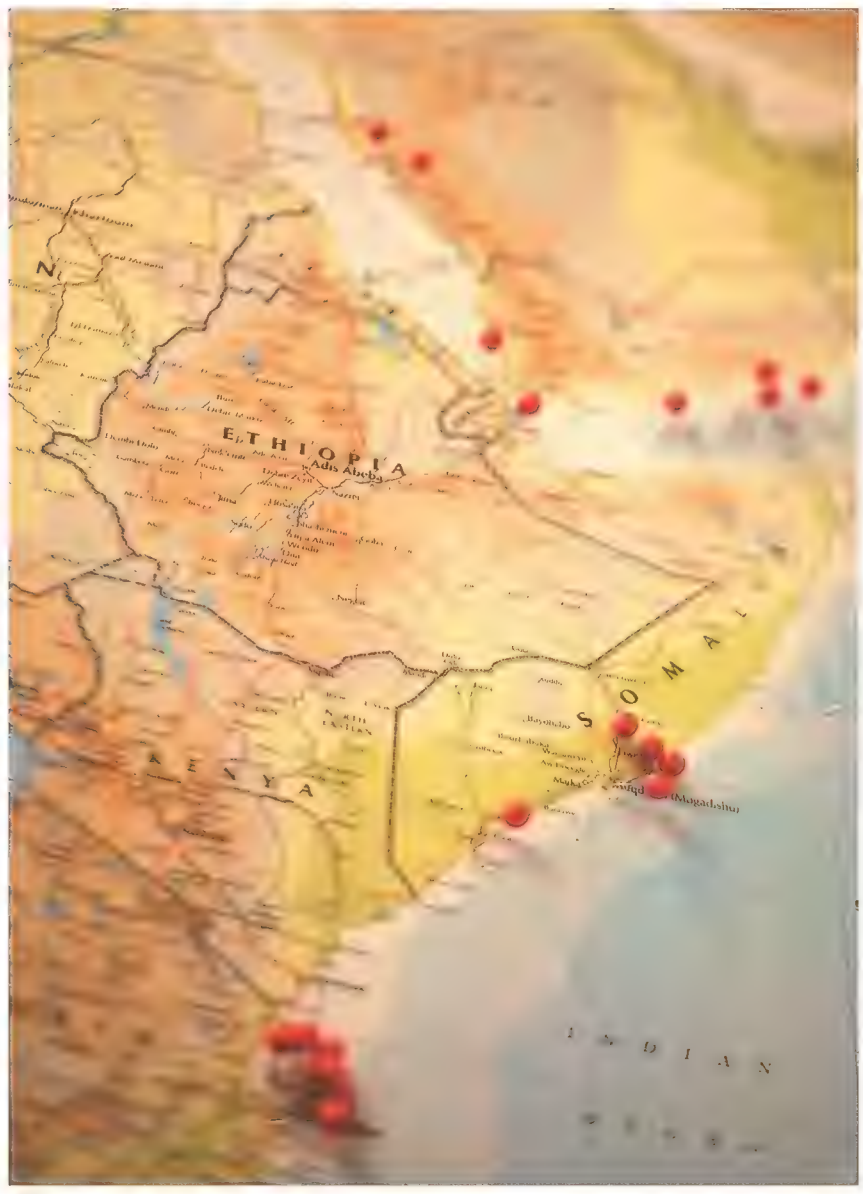
PAUL RAFFAELE, *a frequent contributor to* SMITHSONIAN, *wrote about wild dogs in the April issue.*

ERNEST GOH / WPN; PP. 38-39 1,2. CHIEF INFORMATION SYSTEMS TECHNICIAN KENNETH ANDERSON / US NAVY; 3. PHOTOGRAPHER'S MATE 2ND CLASS SHANE T. MCCOY / US NAVY; 4,5. CHIEF INFORMATION SYSTEMS TECHNICIAN KENNETH ANDERSON / US NAVY; 6. PAUL RAFFAELE

Global Insight, a forecasting company, estimates the value of maritime trade for 2007 to be at least $6 trillion. Estimates of the pirates' annual global plunder range into the billions.

Unlike the galleons of old, which sat low in the water and were easily boarded, the supertankers and bulk carriers of today may rise several stories—and yet they pose no great obstacle to thieves. Bullets and rocket-propelled grenades have persuaded many a captain to stop at sea; at that point, almost any pirate can climb to the deck by tossing grappling hooks over the rail.

Today's pirates range from villainous seaside villagers to members of international crime syndicates. They ply their trade around the globe, from Iraq to Somalia to Nigeria, from the Strait of Malacca to the territorial waters off South America. No vessel seems safe, be it a supertanker or a private yacht. In November 2005, pirates in two speedboats tried to attack the cruise liner *Seabourn Spirit* off Somalia. The liner's captain, Sven Erik Pedersen, outran them while driving them off with a Long Range Acoustic Device, or LRAD—a sonic weapon the United States military developed after the USS *Cole* was attacked by Al Qaeda terrorists in Yemen in 2000.



With 95 percent of the world's trade traveling by ship, there is no shortage of targets. The shipping lanes near Somalia are among the most perilous in the world (red pins on a map at the Piracy Reporting Centre mark the latest attacks). Other piracy hot spots are the waters off Indonesia, Bangladesh and Nigeria.

IF YOU ENTER an anonymous office 35 floors above Kuala Lumpur's lush tropical streets and pass through a secured door, you will come to a small room dominated by maps of the world taped onto two of the walls. This is the IMB's Piracy Reporting Centre, which operates round-the-clock. When pirates attack anywhere in the world, this office almost always receives the first report of it and radios out the first alert. Tens of thousands of vessels depend on the IMB's information.

Red pins mark the latest attacks. On the day I visited, the pins looked like a rash covering much of the world. Another wall was covered with thank-you plaques from the admirals of many nations, including the United States. Noel Choong, who ushered me through this command center, spent more than ten years on oceangoing ships as a mariner. Now, in a dark suit, the soft-spoken Choong looked more like a corporate middle manager than a supersleuth of the seas.

Choong showed me the center's reports on the 239 major pirate attacks it recorded in 2006. One hundred eighty-eight crewmen were taken hostage and 15 were killed—9 in Asia, 4 in Africa and 1 each in the Middle East and South America. "Modern-day pirates can be just as merciless as the Caribbean buccaneers," Choong told me. He recalled the 13 pirates—12 Chinese and 1 Indonesian—who hijacked the *Cheung Son*, a Hong Kong-registered cargo ship, off China in 1998. "They blindfolded the 23 crewmembers, beat them to death with clubs and threw their bodies overboard," he said. Then they sold the vessel to an unknown party for $300,000. But they were caught, convicted of piracy and murder in a Chinese court, and sentenced to death.

On their way to the firing squad, Choong said, the 13 sang Ricky Martin's bouncy 1998 World Cup soccer theme, "La Copa de la Vida," jumping up and down in their chains as they bellowed the chorus: "Go, go, go, ale, ale, ale." (Afterward, Choong said, "the Chinese charged their families the cost of each bullet" used in the executions.)

Because much of Choong's work is under cover, and because he's been the target of assassination threats, he's careful to protect his anonymity. He has a wide network of informants—usually members of pirate gangs or corrupt government officials looking for a fat payoff—and when a big ship goes missing, he will jet to distant cities at short notice to launch recovery operations. The pirates' going rate for the return of a hijacked ship, he said, is about $800,000. "If I can get it back by paying an informant a fraction of that, then the owners and underwriters are happy."

Recently, an informant called Choong's cellphone to say he knew where pirates were holding a hijacked ship. The next day Choong flew to Bangkok and, in the bar of an airport hotel, listened to the man's offer: the ship's whereabouts in exchange for $50,000.

Choong forwarded the offer to Chinese authorities, who

ERNEST GOH / WPN

found the ship at anchor in the South China Sea, sporting fresh paint, a new name and a fake registration. After the ship was in hand—Choong said he never pays without results—he arranged a $50,000 deposit to an account the informant kept under a false name. The entire transaction—from phone call to payoff—took no more than a week.

But Choong doubted that the man got to enjoy his loot. "I heard he was murdered by the gang not long after," he said.

Between rounds of whiskey in a plush Kuala Lumpur bar, a ship broker who asked not to be named because of security concerns told me that besides buying and selling ships for his clients, he sometimes arranges ransoms to get their vessels back from hijackers, for about the same sum that Choong had mentioned. "The owners usually pay up without question," he said. Bringing in the authorities "might tie up the ship for weeks, even months, at a port while they investigate the crime. That could lose them millions of dollars."

Of course, not all negotiations go smoothly. Along the coast of Somalia—which Choong pinpointed as one of the world's likeliest areas for pirate attacks—brigands can, and often do, drag out negotiations for months.

"Somalia is chaotic, with gangs of heavily armed men roaming around the land and its seas," James Mriria, a strapping sailor, told me in the Kenyan port of Mombasa. He said he had spent four months in 2001 as a hostage of Somali pirates as they haggled with the Italian owner of a fishing trawler they had hijacked. The bandits, he said, fed their guests just enough food to keep them alive, and often beat them with rifle butts. "It was hell," Mriria said.

The pirates who tried to take the *Delta Ranger* would head for Somalia too.

IN PURSUIT OF the hijacked dhow, the *Churchill* had the advantage of surprise. The pirates "couldn't see us over the horizon" during the night, the ship's executive officer, Lt. Cmdr. Erik Nilsson, told me in a telephone interview. But at first light the destroyer deliberately showed itself to the crew of the dhow, and the pirates took off to the west. Somalia's territorial waters—from which the *Churchill* was barred by international law—were 80 nautical miles away.

Nilsson had no doubt this was the right ship. He had gotten a description of it from the captain of the *Delta Ranger*. In time he would see through his binoculars the 16 Indian crewmembers, on the fo'c'sle, holding up a piece of plywood on which they had spray-painted: SIR PLEASE HELP US.

"We repeatedly radioed and asked [the dhow] to halt," Nilsson said. When the pirates refused, the U.S. sailors called to them over an amplified megaphone, without effect. The chase went on all morning and into the afternoon. With Somali waters only four hours away, the *Churchill* closed to within 500 yards of the dhow and fired across its bow with its 25-millimeter chain guns. "That got the pirates' attention, and they stopped," Nilsson said.

Some of the *Churchill*'s crew boarded the dhow and took everyone on it into custody. Aboard the destroyer, a Hindi-speaking member of the *Churchill* crew questioned the dhow's captain. "She found that the pirates had captured the dhow six days earlier and had beaten and imprisoned the crew," Nilsson said. "They'd given the Indians no food during that time and had threatened to kill them if they resisted."

Nilsson said that he had seen the Somalis throw unidentified "objects" over the side during the night. Many pirates try to ditch their weapons in the belief that it would provide less evidence for prosecution, but if that were the case aboard the dhow, it didn't work: the boarding party found an AK-47 stashed in the wheelhouse.

Later that afternoon, the USS *Nassau*, a 40,000-ton amphibious assault ship and the flagship of the expeditionary strike group to which the *Churchill* was attached, caught up with the destroyer. Ten Somali pirates were taken to the brig of the larger ship. After consulting with the U.S. Central Command, the *Nassau* took the Somalis to Mombasa, where Kenyan authorities arrested them and charged them with piracy.

KEEPING THE WORLD'S sea lanes safe for commerce is one goal of what the Navy calls Maritime Security Operations, or MSO. Another is to prevent sea-based terrorism. Choong had told me that piracy was prevalent even in the hazardous waters off Iraq in the northern Persian Gulf.

To get there, I flew to the desert kingdom of Bahrain, headquarters of the U.S. Fifth Fleet, which operates in the Arabian Sea, Red Sea, Gulf of Oman and parts of the Indian Ocean. From there I caught a Navy Desert Hawk helicopter for a two-hour flight to the guided-missile cruiser USS *Philippine Sea*, my base for a three-day visit. Along the way, the chopper flew fast and low over a sparkling green sea dotted with coral islands, fishing dhows and oil rigs. With the cruiser steaming along, the pilot put us smoothly down on the aft deck.

On board, Australian Navy lieutenant commander Tish Van Stralen, a maritime lawyer, said that the cruiser was the flagship of an eight-ship coalition task force guarding Iraq's nearby Al Basrah and Khawr Al Amaya oil terminals, which were pumping up to 1.6 million barrels a day into the holds of supertankers. "They provide up to 90 percent of Iraq's GDP, and so the coalition forces have set up a pair of adjacent two-mile-wide exclusion zones around the oil terminals," Van Stralen said. "We challenge and check every vessel wanting to enter them, primarily on the watch for terrorists intent on blowing up the oil terminals, but also for pirates and smugglers."

The pirate hunters patrolling the zones were a Coast Guard crew aboard the cutter *Aquidneck*. The next morning I rode a half hour across a flat sea in a rigid inflatable speedboat to meet them.

Lt. Jonathan Carter and his 22-man crew had spent six

months on these volatile waters. Assault rifles were nestled in a rack, and on the small bridge, four sailors hunched over radar and sonar equipment, looking for any vessel trying to enter the exclusion zones.

As the *Aquidneck* edged up the Shatt Al Arab waterway toward Basra, Carter pointed to an empty stretch of desert about 200 yards on our left. "That's Kuwait," he said. About 200 yards to the right was Iraq—more desert with no sign of life. The cutter passed several rusting hulks resting half out of the water, casualties of Gulf warfare.

"Pirates have been active in these waterways for centuries. There're still plenty of them here, and we call them Ali Baba," Carter went on. "They mostly prey on the fishing dhows, especially during the prawning season when the dhow captains carry plenty of money on board after selling their catch to traders. . . . We'll hear a plea over the radio, 'Ali Baba! Ali Baba!' But by the time we reach the dhow, the pirates have usually escaped. If we surprise them, they throw their weapons overboard."

Coalition naval forces are trying to train Iraqi marines to board, search and, if necessary, seize suspicious vessels. From the north, I saw two patrol boats roaring along the waterway toward us. On board were Iraqi marines under the guidance of a pair of Royal Australian Navy officers. The marines were taking part in a training exercise, and five Coast Guardsmen and I volunteered to play potential terrorists or pirates.

Several grim-faced Iraqi marines clad in camouflage fatigues climbed aboard and forced us up to the front of the *Aquidneck*. Some pointed their guns at us even though their trainers had ordered them not to, and others searched us and checked our ID. I grimaced when a marine yanked my arms above my head and I tensed as he roughly searched my body for hidden weapons.

They made us sit on the uncovered deck in brutal heat for more than an hour, refusing our requests for water and keeping their guns trained on us. But for all that, our captors failed to detect a knife one of the *Aquidneck* crew had secreted, and they never searched my camera bag. Had we been actual bad guys, who knows what might have happened.

In 2005, the cruise ship *Seabourn Spirit* (top) was set upon off Somalia by attackers wielding a rocket-propelled grenade launcher (above). The ship repelled them with a sonic weapon, but a grenade remnant penetrated the hull (inset). Today maritime authorities advise ships to steer clear of those waters.

LAST OCTOBER I drove an hour north of Mombasa, past a string of Kenyan luxury seaside resorts, to talk to any of the ten accused Somali pirates who would speak with me in the maximum-security jail where they were being held. As I waited outside the stone walls, grim-faced prisoners in striped pajamas with short pants came and went, under guard.

By then, the Somalis' trial was under way; the defendants were due in court the following day. Inside the jail, armed guards escorted two of them as they shuffled toward me, handcuffed to each other.

We moved to a bare room with a barred window. The guards followed us, while others crowded the window outside to stare and listen.

Moktar Mohammed Hussein and Abdi Fadar, clad in sarongs and T-shirts, squatted in front of me but did not make eye contact. They were 17 and 18, respectively. "We're fishermen, and our boats broke down on the ocean," Hussein said. "We sought help from the Indian dhow."

Then why were they carrying assault rifles and rocket-propelled grenades, I asked them. "Every man in Somalia carries such weapons for protection," Hussein said, turning his dark eyes on me. That much was corroborated later by the BBC's Mombasa-based correspondent, Peter Greste, who often visits Somalia.

But why did they try to escape when they spotted the American warship? "We thought they suspected us of being Al Qaeda. We were frightened, and so we tried to get away," Fadar said.

GEORGE THANDE / REUTERS / CORBIS; ENGINEMAN FIRST CLASS KELLY FRANZ / US NAVY; NORMAN FISHER / POLARIS

"We just want to go home," Hussein added softly.

I reminded them that Indian crewmembers had testified that the Somalis had hijacked their ship and beaten them? Hussein shook his head. "They're lying," he said.

Did they even know any Somali pirates? Both shook their heads no, but stared silently at the floor.

At 3 o'clock the next afternoon, all ten defendants crowded into the dock in a small courtroom to face a senior magistrate, Beatrice Jaden, seated high above us on a pedestal in the British manner. The prosecutor, Margaret Mwangi, read out the charge, accusing them of committing "acts of piracy on the high seas," and ran through the evidence, based on statements from the Indian crew aboard the dhow and the U.S. sailors who had rescued them.

The Somalis' lawyer, Hassan Abdi, argued that because no one involved—neither the victims, the accused nor the alleged perpetrators' captors—was Kenyan, Kenya had no right to try this case in its courts.

Mwangi countered that the U.N.'s Convention on the Law of the Sea allows Kenya to prosecute pirates of any nationality under the corresponding section of the Kenyan penal code. Should the Somalis be found guilty, Mwangi went on, they should be sentenced to death to deter piracy.

Ten days later, Jaden handed down her verdict and the sentence. Guilty. Seven years in prison for each man.

By then, the pirates might have considered themselves lucky. At the time, Somalia was ruled by a fundamentalist Muslim movement called the Islamic Courts Union (ICU), which sought to impose *sharia*, or Islamic law, when it took over the capital of Mogadishu from its notorious warlords in June 2006. Piracy was one of several crimes punishable by death.

Noel Choong told me that after the ICU takeover the IMB noted a lull in piracy in the waters off Somalia. But the ICU was overthrown and replaced by a transitional government at year's end. Since then, pirate attacks have surged off the Somali coast, from 10 reported to the IMB in all of 2006 to 14 in the first six months of 2007.

In February, pirates off the coast boarded and hijacked the merchant vessel *Rozen*, which had just delivered food for the U.N. World Food Programme. They held its 12 crewmembers for 40 days until an undisclosed ransom secured their release. Another merchant vessel, the *Mariam Queen*, was hijacked and held for 24 days before it was freed May 27 after the ship's owner reportedly paid a $100,000 ransom. At the end of that month, the IMB recommended that vessels keep 200 miles offshore unless they were calling into Somali ports.

"We'll never see the end of piracy, just as we'll never see the end of robbery on land," Choong said. "But we're doing everything we can."

In the Persian Gulf, authorities are concerned about terrorism as well as piracy. Coalition vessels (the Coast Guard cutter *Aquidneck*, behind Coast Guardsman Zachary Coone) patrol exclusion zones around Iraq's Al Basrah and Khawr Al Amaya terminals, where tankers take on millions of barrels of oil daily.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS SPECIALIST FIRST CLASS MATTHEW BELSON / US COAST GUARD

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WHAT'S BEHIND A SMILE?

For researchers, understanding one of the most complex human expressions is serious business

BY RICHARD CONNIFF **PHOTOGRAPHS BY THEO WESTENBERGER**

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THE SCIENCE OF SMILING BEGAN ON THE GUILLOTINE.

In the 1840s, a Paris physician named Guillaume B.A. Duchenne was attempting to treat a patient's facial neuralgia when he noticed that applying an electrical current caused the underlying muscle to contract sharply. The technique was too painful for experiments on living patients. So Duchenne, the son of a French coastal buccaneer, started to work with the freshly severed heads of executed criminals and revolutionaries. These specimens did not naturally display the sort of joyful smile Duchenne would later describe as "put in play by the sweet emotions of the soul." But by applying live electrodes to different areas of the face, he found that he could indeed make the muscles contract into recognizable facial expressions, including the smile.

Duchenne eventually moved on to living subjects, beginning with an elderly indigent whose neurological disorders apparently protected him from the pain of electrical experimentation. A photograph survives of the two men together, like the paired theatrical masks of tragedy and comedy: Duchenne sits on the left, looking melodramatically gloomy, with his high forehead, deep-set eyes, down-turned lips and jaw-line beard. He reaches across with a pair of electrical calipers, planting the tips on his patient's face, midway between the corners of the mouth and the eyes. The effect on the zygomatic major muscles, the "muscle of joy," in Duchenne's phrase, causes his patient to grin idiotically.

And thus Duchenne demonstrated for the first time the mechanistic nature of human facial expressions. He argued that smiling, and other familiar expressions, constitute a universal language, "which neither fashions nor whims can change . . . the same in all people, in savages and civilized nations. . . ." This idea didn't win wide acceptance at the time, and even 150 years later some still argue that culture trumps biology. They point out, for instance, that Japanese people smile less because of social pressure that discourages emotional displays. Or that women smile more because society obliges them to pacify surly males.

But most researchers now accept that facial expressions are innate, not just something babies learn to do by watching the people around them. That's why, for instance, athletes blind from birth smile at the moment of victory just like athletes who see. And it's why, on seeing a smile, we instantly smile back, before it's even possible for the conscious brain to be aware of the emotion being expressed. Our facial expressions, and especially the smile, constitute a system of unconscious communication that got built into our biology long before language itself.

RICHARD CONNIFF *remembers smiling for his high-school yearbook photograph.* **THEO WESTENBERGER** *specializes in travel photography and portraits.*

ON A LATE WINTER AFTERNOON, when the frost has gone to ground in New England's soul, artist Bren Bataclan hits the streets of Cambridge, Massachusetts, improbably bent on spreading happiness. He sets one of his paintings of a smiling cartoon character on a bench near Harvard Square with a note: "This painting is yours if you promise to smile at random people more often." Then he retreats to a bookstore across the street, to observe from behind a glass display case.

For the past four years, Bataclan, who grew up in the sunnier, smilier precincts of the Philippines and California, has been leaving up to 15 such paintings a month around the Boston area, in what he has optimistically dubbed the Smile Boston Project. All of them feature brightly colored, dome-headed cartoon characters, all with one eye big, one small, and all grinning deliriously.

On this particular afternoon, Boston responds at first by skirting the painting as if it were a crime scene. A couple draws close, backs off, and comes close again. ("The dance-around," says Bataclan, who has become well versed in the native wariness toward random smiles.) Then they turn away, empty-handed. A woman pauses and hovers nearby

SHANISHA SHAW BROOKLYN, NY

ANTHONY HINTON LAURELTON, NY

VIKTORIA ZAK MOSCOW, RUSSIA

MICHAEL PEART BROOKLYN, NY

It was May in New York, recalls photographer Theo Westenberger, "so no one had a reason to be gloomy." After setting up a tent studio in Union Square Park, she dispatched three colleagues to recruit passersby as subjects. Then came the part she had worried about—getting them to smile. "We just joked with everyone and they did a great job," she recalls. "Only one man couldn't form his mouth into a smile, but he seemed to have a good time trying."

("She's guarding," he says hopefully), before also balking. But finally Bataclan cries, "She's taking it!" and exhales with relief as a young woman picks up the painting, tucks it into her bag and heads off, already beaming.

The pursuit of smiling—putting on your own best smile, and getting other people to put on theirs—can seem at times like an almost missionary cause these days. A recent search on Amazon.com using the word "smile" turned up 216,000 books, including *Billion Dollar Smile: A Complete Guide to Your Extreme Smile Makeover* and the somewhat less rosy *Shut Up and Smile*. You can even find *97 Ways to Make Your Dog Smile*. Smiling hasn't quite displaced religion in the national consciousness; God turned up in 371,000 book titles, including a twofer: *Am I Making God Smile?*

Nor is this enthusiasm for smiling just an American obsession. A recent study in Britain found that seeing a child's smile produces an emotional high. (The study said it was the equivalent of getting 2,000 chocolate bars, or receiving $32,000 in cash. But if so, wouldn't everyone be teaching kindergarten?) Thailand recently launched a campaign to get its customs agents to smile. And Beijing, notoriously gray and grim, is preparing for the 2008 Olympics by turning itself into a City of Smiles, with 100,000 volunteers trained to smile at anyone within a ten-foot radius. "Smiling is a global language," a college student recently told *China Daily*. "When foreign people arrive in Beijing during the Olympics, they probably won't know any Chinese. But a smile can express everything."

Which may be truer than she imagined. People often equate smiling with just one emotion, happiness. And evidence does, in fact, suggest that people who smile a lot tend to be happier and more successful in life than those who don't. The smile, as one researcher puts it, is "our most potent symbol of cooperation." But maybe because so much smiling behavior is unconscious, most people never recognize that a smile can mean almost anything. People smile when they're embarrassed, for instance, or even when they're being sexually harassed, and it doesn't mean they're happy about it.

Biologists say the smile actually got its start in fear, not happiness. Charles Darwin thought the smile was merely the first step toward laughter. But German primatologist Signe Preuschoft now argues that in many species the two expressions have distinctly separate origins. Laughter is akin to the expression many mammals put on as an invitation to play. (Think of your dog, crouching down on forelegs, mouth open, panting "ah-ah-ah" to get you to loosen up and throw a ball around.) But Preuschoft traces the smile back through more than 30 million years of evolution to the "fear grin," a meek baring of clenched teeth, common among monkeys and apes. It was a way to say, "Don't eat me, I'm harmless." In some species, the fear grin has evolved from a form of appeasement into a display of friendliness, and in humans it has blossomed into something far richer and more varied than that.

Smiles can communicate feelings as different as love or contempt, pride or submission, flirtatiousness or polite tolerance. A smile can be deeply comforting and reassuring. (Babies smile a few weeks after birth, and it helps keep new parents from going completely out of their minds.) Or it can induce a chill of fear. (Hannibal Lecter smiled when he thought about fava beans and a nice Chianti—with liver.) A smile can keep customers happy, as businesses often remind their employees. But it can also send a customer—or the adamantly smiling employee—into a spit-flinging rage. In truth, despite the common phrase, there is no such thing as a simple smile.

IN HIS OFFICE at the University of California at Berkeley, psychologist Dacher Keltner sits beneath a crayoned note from one of his daughters, which says, "I love you because you make me smile." It's not exactly news that the physical act of smiling makes people feel better and that the feeling is highly contagious. Smiling is one way people in groups build trust and cooperation. But it's not necessarily as easy as that may

MOLLY SURNO BROOKLYN, NY **JONATHAN JACOBSON** NORTHBROOK, IL **NELSIE PERNIA** BRONX, NY **ED FABRY** NEW YORK, NY

sound. As a teenager, Keltner worked behind the counter at McDonald's, and he confesses that being required to smile "drove me nuts."

The slippery nature of the smile has made it a hot topic for Keltner and a host of other researchers in fields from management to robotics. Their interest dates from the rediscovery of the biological nature of facial expressions in the 1960s, by psychologist Paul Ekman. On a visit to an isolated tribe in Papua New Guinea, Ekman found evidence for Duchenne's by then almost forgotten idea that our facial expressions are a universal language. Later, Ekman and Wallace Friesen, colleagues at the University of California at San Francisco, painstakingly cataloged the muscle movements behind every possible facial expression—at times adapting Duchenne's methods and having electrical current applied to their own facial muscles.

The resulting Facial Action Coding System (FACS) provided an anatomical guide to more than 3,000 meaningful facial expressions, including many distinctly different smiles. For instance, the "grin-and-bear-it smile" (think President Clinton) consists of lips pressed together, mouth corners up and chin bunched, or as Ekman puts it, using FACS coordinates, "a 12-17-24, the expression you give the dentist when he says you have to have a root canal."

Ekman dubbed one particularly notable smile the Duchenne: the cheek muscles lift the corners of the mouth, and the muscles around the eyes contract, causing a crow's feet wrinkling, often with the outer corners of the eyebrows drawing down. It sounds simple enough. But most people can't fake that eye muscle movement. So the Duchenne has come to be regarded as the one smile that reveals genuine happiness.

For instance, when Keltner videotaped couples as they teased each other and talked about their lives together, Duchenne smiles closely corresponded with the couples' own reported sense of real affection. In studies by other researchers, happily married couples greeting each other at the end of the day tended to show Duchenne smiles, and unhappy couples didn't. A smile of contempt, with one corner of the mouth lifting higher than the other, reliably predicted divorce.

Parsing out the different types of smiles has enabled researchers (and spouses) to see just how they shape behavior. For instance, Keltner, who trained with Ekman, started out studying how we display embarrassment: we look away, try to suppress a smile, smile broadly, suppress it again, drop the head forward, and sometimes touch the face. Keltner says this little ritual works much like appeasement displays in the animal world. People who commit social gaffes and children who spill their milk, he says, "are all liked more and punished less" when they smile in embarrassment. Other people often respond in forgiveness. In a mock trial, embarrassment even helped a convicted drug dealer get a lighter sentence.

WE TYPICALLY DEPLOY a particular type of smile and respond to it without conscious thought. The flirtatious smile, for instance, involves looking away, smiling broadly, and then glancing back and away again, just long enough to be noticed. It happens naturally. Miss that signal and you may find yourself playing computer solitaire. Misinterpret it (male bosses often mistakenly see flirtatiousness in the merely cooperative smiles of female subordinates) and you may look like a fool—or a defendant.

Women may also fail to recognize what a smile represents, to their detriment. In one recent study, male interviewers sexually harassed real female job applicants, asking about such things as their attitude toward going bra-less in the workplace. In the abstract, most women say they would express outrage at such a question. But with a job at stake, not a single applicant objected, according to Yale psychologist Marianne LaFrance. Instead, they often smiled tolerantly and answered the inappropriate questions. Going along may have seemed like the best way to get ahead. But LaFrance says it's a Catch-22; people looking at videotapes of those interviews (without the sound) rated the polite

SWATI ARGADE BROOKLYN, NY

MICHAEL JAMISON NEW YORK, NY

ERIKA FRANCIS RIDGEWOOD, NY

RODNEY CRUMRINE BROOKLYN, NY

smilers as less competent and less likely to get the job.

A habitual way of smiling may even shape women's lives. A few years ago, researchers came to Keltner from the Mills Longitudinal Study, which has kept track of some 100 women since they graduated from Mills College in Oakland, California, more than 40 years ago. The researchers wondered what could be predicted about the women from their yearbook photos. "I didn't want to do the study," Keltner admits. "It was so artificial, one millisecond of time." But the intensity of the smiles turned out to correspond closely with success and romantic happiness in later life. A genuinely warm Duchenne smile indicated "less stress and anxiety," says Keltner, and portended increasing confidence about getting along with people and achieving goals.

The most famous female smile in Western culture, of course, is that of Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*. But here cultural history is more help than science. In his book *A Brief History of the Smile*, Yale art historian Angus Trumble reports that Mona Lisa's smile got its supposedly "mesmeric power" mainly from the bloviating of 19th-century French art critics. "This canvas attracts me, calls me, invades me, absorbs me," wrote one. A colleague added that the smile had the "treacherous attraction of a sick soul," and then tried to wax poetic: "This so soft a look, but avid like the sea, devours." Sigmund Freud also weighed in: he said da Vinci was just missing the "blissful and ecstatic smile" of . . . his mother.

In thinking about the many closed-mouth smiles depicted by great artists of the past, it's probably wise to keep two words in mind: bad teeth. We tend now to perform retroactive orthodonture on history, equipping our eminent forebears with healthy smiles, smooth skin and other signs of physical appeal. But the toothbrush was a luxury until the 1850s, and durable fillings for decaying teeth date only from the 1890s. Before that, an open smile often revealed a ravaged, toothless mouth. Queen Elizabeth I, for instance, had to fill out her cheeks with fine cloths for public appearances, and visitors accustomed to her official portraits were shocked to see the reality of her rotted teeth. Likewise, Oscar Wilde delivered his celebrated quips with one hand covering his mouth—he was ashamed of his teeth.

False teeth were crude instruments of torture. People generally took them out at mealtime, and at parties, women sometimes kept them close by to slip back in and deliver the obligatory smile between bites. Men put theirs in when they retreated to another room for port, which had an unfortunate tendency to darken their dentures. Dead men sometimes came to the rescue: in England they were called "Waterloo teeth," and during the American Civil War, the teeth of slain soldiers were shipped from the battlefields by the barrelful, to smile again in the mouths of the living.

The human appetite for smiles is so powerful that we look for them everywhere. We even read a smile into the upturned mouths of dogs and dolphins, and like them more as a result. It's our nature to anthropomorphize, says Clifford Nass, a communication professor at Stanford University. If something looks or acts remotely human, we humanize it. This tendency led indirectly to one of the worst software design blunders in the annals of computing, and it turned on the simplistic notion that everyone likes a smile.

Nass blames it on dancing raisins. In the late 1980s, the California Raisin Advisory Board had had a huge hit promoting its product with cartoon raisins, smiling ebulliently and singing "I Heard It Through The Grapevine." They became so popular that, for a time, the board earned more money licensing cartoon raisins than its members did growing real ones. Microsoft CEO Bill Gates took note. At about the same time, Nass gave a talk to Gates and other Microsoft executives about using animated characters as a way to make computers seem more human. And thus was born Clippy, a smiling cartoon paper clip who appeared on the computer screen when Microsoft Office users needed help.

The main problem with Clippy, says Nass, who helped test the product, was that he never knew when to stop smiling. He smiled when he was butting in with gratuitous advice ("It looks like you're writing a letter. Would you like help?"). And he smiled when people were frustrated and genuinely in need of help, which infuriated them. He was

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CHAN HYUK CHOI QUEENS, NY

"like the insistently smiling waiter who says, 'Here's your order,' and it's all wrong," says Nass. "He came across as incredibly self-satisfied and annoying."

"What he didn't have was emotional intelligence," says Rosalind Picard, an MIT professor who also studies the emotional back-and-forth between people and computers. "If someone is concentrating, do you barge right in? Or stand quietly by and wait? Clippy didn't see you concentrating. It was like, 'Hi, I'm here! Aren't you happy to see me?' And when you told him to go away, he smiled and did a little dance, as if to say, 'Gotcha!' Try that with your boss sometime. See how long you last."

In the end, Nass got customers to like Clippy by having him say, "Let's write to Microsoft and tell them how much you hate their help system." Microsoft eventually took the hint, and Clippy has now vanished.

But the experience with Clippy still matters because makers of computers, cars and other technological devices increasingly want their products to act more like people. That means building them to smile and respond to smiles appropriately—unlike Clippy. Nass predicts that cars will soon come with a camera trained on the driver's face, and software to tell the difference between a smile and a glower, so the car's vocal tones can shift accordingly. (Happy people pay more attention and drive better when they hear a cheerful voice, Nass says; angry people prefer a subdued voice.)

For her part, Picard is working on devices to help people who are blind or autistic read emotional signals. In the future, she says, disabled people may use a small camera focused on other people's faces, combined with feedback devices, to help recognize the emotions being displayed around them. A smile, for instance, could trigger gentle pressure from a special vest, like a reassuring hug.

The powerful need for a smile—even an artificial one—has become evident to almost everyone in modern society, because of our increasing reliance on e-mail, telecommuting and other substitutes for face-to-face meetings. Last year, for instance, a Wal-Mart executive having an affair with a colleague took several giddy steps beyond the usual humdrum smile symbol and e-mailed, "smiling because I am so happy you are here with me :))))." Japanese e-mailers also use smile symbols. But perhaps because of old cultural limits on emotional displays, says University of Alberta researcher Takahiko Masuda, the Japanese symbol focuses on the part of the smile that's least susceptible to voluntary control, the eyes: ^_^.

What many e-mailers and computer game devotees ultimately want, of course, are not smile symbols, but avatars, digital stand-ins, preferably with their own smiling faces. Mova, a California start-up, has developed technology to capture minutely detailed digital images of people's faces in motion. Instead of filming some 150 markers glued to the face, the conventional motion-capture method, Mova uses phosphorescent makeup to record at least 100,000 points. It can also manipulate the resulting image like a puppet, to express almost any emotion. Though the company is just introducing the method to Hollywood, the goal is to make it cheap enough for home use. But the Clippy problem—getting the facial expression to fit the context—applies to avatars as well. Mova founder Steve Perlman says it's like getting speech recognition technology to distinguish between "how to recognize speech" and "how to wreck a nice beach," only harder, because emotional expressions are so nuanced.

Other researchers are using facial expressions, and particularly smiles, to make robots into better companions for the elderly and the isolated—or to make them more personable for the entertainment industry. Japanese companies have created a robot described by an overenthusiastic blogger as "a twentysomething fembot with dewy skin, warm eyes, and enough [artificial intelligence] to understand 40,000 phrases" in four languages. Her creators have programmed the Actroid to make the appropriate facial expression for many of the things she says. They've also endowed her with a sense of irony. Asked if she is a robot, for instance, her face and voice go mechanical as she replies, "Yes . . . I . . . am . . . a . . . ro . . . bot." Then she grins naturally and says, "Just kidding."

Is that progress? Or is it creepy?

YULDUZ UMAROVA NEW YORK, NY **PAUL HALLER** NEW YORK, NY **LISA GHERARDINI** FLORENCE, ITALY **JOSEPH ARIZA** BROOKLYN, NY

FOR NOW AT LEAST, we can do no better than our own toothy, imperfect, flesh-and-blood smiles. And that's not such a bad thing. So does all this research actually make us any smarter about the quirky business of smiling?

One downside is that it can lead people to misguided conclusions. In the Strack test, for instance, subjects watch a cartoon while sitting for a minute with a pen held crosswise between the molars, which pulls the lips into a smile. And the act of smiling makes them think the cartoon is funnier. Other studies have shown that a smile by itself can produce positive feelings in the brain. So what happens when these ideas filter through to the public? People think they are being helpful when they tell their gloomy friends to smile more often, and bosses order their employees out to greet the paying public with fixed smiles.

"It's absurd," Dacher Keltner acknowledges, to tell someone who's depressed or in trouble "'just smile more and it will make your life better.'" From his own experience behind the counter at McDonald's, he also knows how alienating it is for managers to order their subordinates to smile, on the premise that this will make business better. Human nature is more complicated than that, he says. "Our best emotions come in unbidden, involuntary fashion."

On the other hand, he says, it's possible to cultivate the emotions that make people smile. Over the past decade, the positive psychology movement has produced volumes of research showing that people feel better when they practice gratitude and generosity, or indulge a sense of playfulness, or spend time connecting with family and friends, or remind themselves of the things they really value in life. And that makes them smile more, Keltner says, because "the smile simply reflects a life well lived, a kind of contentedness."

So then . . . what exactly would he tell his manager back at McDonald's? Keltner laughs. But you can hear all the old alienated feelings come flooding back. "That's a tough one. What would I tell that guy? Oh-h-h-h-h-h."

But here a woman named Barbara Held comes improbably to the rescue, with a story about the mysterious power of a smile to bridge the gaps between people, even in the smiley-face context of retail. Held, a former New Yorker, now teaches philosophy at Bowdoin College in Maine. She's written a book called *Stop Smiling, Start Kvetching*. It's partly a screed against the positive psychology movement.

"There's nothing wrong with smiling," says Held. "I do it. It's the insistence of others that everyone smile, and have a nice day, and look on the bright side, no matter what, that's tyrannical, because it denies the psychological fact that people cope in different ways."

But then the conversation turns to the clerk at a convenience store she frequents. "She's in her 60s, and always smiling and acting nice to everyone. She always asks, 'How are you?' and I give her my standard answer, 'I hate everything.' Because I want people to know that there are other answers besides, 'I'm fine.'"

For a long time, it was an answer the clerk didn't quite know how to handle. Then the clerk's husband suffered what was clearly going to be a fatal illness. "And when I came in next time, she asked, 'How are you?' That day I forgot. I said, 'I'm OK.' And she said, 'No, really, how are you?' It took me a moment to realize that she was asking me to say my usual thing. So I said, 'Oh, I hate everything,' and she whispered back, 'I hate everything too.' I said, 'Your husband is very sick. What's to like?'"

"Every time I saw her after that, she asked, 'How are you feeling?' She needed me to say it, to give her permission to say it back. She said, 'You know how I've been saying, "I hate everything?" It cheers me up. I go home and I think about it and I laugh to myself.' And there it is, that's the undoing of the tyranny. She had gone through her whole life never feeling like she could say she felt crummy. And when she did it, it was almost like she had done something sneaky and delicious. I was very touched by that."

And thus the two women connected across a counter.

"Now she can say, 'I hate everything,' without my saying it first," says Held.

"And then she always smiles. And that's a context for smiling that I think is swell."

MONA LISA: REUNION DES MUSEES NATIONAUX / ART RESOURCE, NY

AMERICANS

A second wave of expatriates is now playing a vital role in the renaissance of the Czech capital

BY JONATHAN KANDELL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOMAS VAN HOUTRYVE

IN PRAGUE

WILLIAM LOBKOWICZ MOVED TO PRAGUE IN 1990, joining the hordes of young Americans drawn to the beautiful Czech capital in the aftermath of the Velvet Revolution that had peacefully toppled the Communist regime a year earlier. Lobkowicz, then a 29-year-old real estate broker from Boston, lived—like most young foreigners in the city—in a cramped, leaky walk-up apartment. But from his centuries' old townhouse off a cobblestone square, he could gaze up at Prague Castle, rising majestically on the hill across the Charles Bridge spanning the Vltava River. Or he could wander the labyrinthine, medieval alleys that inspired nov-

Historic and prosperous Prague (its splendors include 600 years of intact architecture, opposite) attracts Americans eager to invest their talents in the city's rising fortunes. William Lobkowicz, the grandson of Czech exiles (with his wife, Alexandra, above) has recovered four of the ten castles and palaces that once belonged to his family.

MAP: MIKE REAGAN

elist Franz Kafka's vision of a city that ensnared its denizens in a net of mystery and intrigue.

Many Americans in Prague in those heady days aspired to become writers. With its stunning architecture, intellectual ferment and cheap prices, the city evoked bohemian Paris of the 1920s, where Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald first honed their talents. But Prague produced no great American novels. With prices rising and savings diminishing, most Americans returned home.

Lobkowicz stayed. The grandson of exiled Czech aristocrats, he had come to Prague on what would become a more quixotic quest—to recover the ten castles and palaces that had once belonged to his family. The new, democratic government of President Vaclav Havel had decreed in the early 1990s that properties expropriated by the Communists could be returned to their rightful owners. But the legal morass and huge expenses involved in reclaiming the Lobkowicz estates and their vast cultural treasures were daunting for a young, middle-class American. "Bankers laughed when we suggested putting up broken-down castles as collateral for loans," Lobkowicz recalls.

Even so, giving up was out of the question. "What would I tell my kids and grandchildren—that it was too *tough*?" asks Lobkowicz—now Prince William—as we sit on a terrace of Lobkowicz Palace taking in a picture-postcard vista of the city's church spires, tiled roofs and meandering river below. Located at the eastern end of Prague Castle (the same landmark that Lobkowicz once viewed from his decrepit apartment), the renovated 16th-century palace was opened to the public in April. With some of the prized Lobkowicz art collections on display—including masterpieces by Pieter Bruegel (the Elder) and Canaletto—and classical concerts performed every afternoon, the palace has become a cultural mecca for foreigners and locals alike. And the former Boston real estate broker has become a major arts patron.

Americans have made remarkable contributions to Prague's post-Communist renaissance. Poland's Warsaw is larger, and Hungary's Budapest is almost as beautiful. But in neither of those capitals have Americans made the same impact as they have in Prague. Lobkowicz may be the most visible American here, but other prominent Yanks include Tonya Graves, an African-American singer linked to Prague's reemergence as a center of popular music; Jack Stack, an Irish-American banker in the vanguard of the city's rebirth as a financial capital; Karen Feldman, a suburban New Yorker who has almost single-handedly restored the tradition of fine, handmade Czech glassware; and David Minkowski, a former Hollywood producer who has led Prague's revival as a world-class film capital.

"The backpackers spread the word back in the United

LOBKOWICZ CAME ON A QUIXOTIC QUEST—

States that this city was a very special place," says Jiri Pehe, director of the New York University branch in Prague. "And the Americans who followed them saw opportunities to do some interesting things for Prague." Among them, only Lobkowicz had previous ties to the city. His family traces its presence back seven centuries or so, to an era before the Vienna-based Hapsburg dynasty, in the 1500s, extended the empire over Czech lands. Lobkowiczes, like other noble clans, settled into palaces that surrounded Prague Castle, the seat of royal power. The German-speaking Hapsburgs were not only foreign rulers; they also led the Catholic Counter-Reformation that crushed Czech Protestant heretics during the Thirty Years' War (1618-48), leaving Prague in ruins.

The Baroque style that dominates the center of Prague can be traced to the reconstruction of the city after that war. Gothic church facades were redone with sumptuous curves and ornamental detail, and inside, effigies of saints and angels were opulently finished in stucco and gild. Secular architecture followed suit. "Catholic aristocrats arriving from Vienna built themselves palaces in the Baroque style," says Simon North, a British art historian living in Prague. Now that extensive renovation efforts have been undertaken, Prague's Baroque flourishes have become

Karen Feldman (in the showroom of her firm, Artel) updated the tradition of handmade Czech glassware. "I'm a visual person," she says. "Every day in Prague is a feast for the eyes."

TO RECOVER TEN CASTLES AND PALACES.

more visible than ever. Statues stand like sentinels at the doorways of old townhouses and public buildings, and bas-reliefs decorate their pediments and outer walls.

The Hapsburg dynasty collapsed with the end of World War I in 1918, and Czechoslovakia gained independence. (The country split into the Czech Republic and Slovakia in 1993.) Although the Lobkowiczes had steadfastly supported the Hapsburg monarchy, William's grandfather, Maximilian, became a Czech nationalist after independence. "He took stands that certainly weren't popular with the rest of the family or people in his social circle," says William. Before the Nazi occupation of Czechoslovakia in 1938-39, Maximilian served as a diplomat to the Court of St. James. (He stayed on in London during World War II as Free Czechoslovakia's ambassador.) After the war, he returned to Prague as a supporter of democratic government. But with the Communist takeover in 1948, he was forced to flee again—first to London and then to Boston. "He was one of the richest men in Czechoslovakia and lost it all," says William, who was 7 when his grandfather died at age 79 in 1968.

The Lobkowiczes have recovered four of their castles and palaces, and disposed of the rest to finance repairs and the preservation of their collections, none of which can be sold for export, under Czech law. "We kept what we prized most," says William, 45. He and his wife, Alexandra, manage the Lobkowicz estates and draw salaries from admission fees, social receptions and business conferences. They and their children—William, 12, Ileana, 9, and Sophia, 5—live in a rented three-bedroom apartment. "We never wanted to live in palaces, anyway," says the prince.

Singer Tonya Graves (costumed for a performance with her band, *Monkey Business*) has completed seven CDs since she emerged at the center of Prague's popular-music scene.

IF LOBKOWICZ IDENTIFIES with the Prague of the Hapsburg era, Karen Feldman, another transplanted American, is drawn to the Prague of the decades between the world wars. "That was a time when the city was at the forefront of glassmaking design," says Feldman, 38. Even before then, Prague was already the industrial hub of the Vienna-based Austro-Hungarian Empire. And after independence, Czechoslovakia became one of the world's most prosperous countries, thanks to booming exports of machinery, cars, shoes, farm products and fine glass. "Prague moved far ahead of Vienna in economic development," says Milada Polisenska, a historian at the New Anglo-American College in Prague. "Independence also unleashed enormous energy in so many fields—art, music, literature, architecture and design."

Much of it was concentrated in Prague's thriving Jewish community, which reached 55,000 inhabitants, or one-fifth of the city's population, on the eve of World War II. Though

Writer **JONATHAN KANDELL** *is based in New York City.*
Photographer **TOMAS VAN HOUTRYVE** *works from Paris.*

Prague's Baroque architecture can be traced to the reconstruction of the city after the Thirty Years' War (1618-48).

COME TO PRAGUE

Jews lived throughout Prague, the community remained especially identified with the original Jewish neighborhood of Josefov, just north of Stare Mesto, or Old Town, a district that dates to the 12th century. Two-thirds of Prague's Jewish population perished during the Holocaust. Currently, only an estimated 5,000 Jews remain in Prague. By 1900, Prague's aristocracy had begun to move into the Josefov area. Today, its Art Nouveau apartment buildings—with their curvilinear facades and painted statues of mythological figures—recall the affluence of the early 20th century.

Feldman finds sources for her glass designs in unexpected nooks and crannies of early 1900s Prague. "Inspiration can come from anything—old postcards, fabrics, children's books and toys from decades ago," she says. Aided by her new guidebook—*Prague: Artel Style*—visitors can explore some of the venues that most fire her imagination. In Mala Strana, the district at the foot of Prague Castle, a tiny shop, Antiques Ahasver, sells early 20th-century linens, folk costumes and jewelry. For porcelain place settings and figurines, there is Dum Porcelanu, in Vinohrady, a trendy eastern neighborhood named for the vineyards that once grew there. Prague's best hat shop—Druzstvo Model Praha—is on Wenceslas Square, site of the largest political demonstrations of the Velvet Revolution.

Most intriguing of all is the Museum of Czech Cubism at the House of the Black Madonna in Stare Mesto. Though Cubism originated in Paris in the early 1900s, nowhere was the movement more passionately embraced than in Prague—in art, architecture and interior design. The museum itself, considered a masterpiece of Czech Cubist architecture and completed in 1912 by Josef Gocar, specializes in paintings, sculptures, furniture and ceramics of the 1920s and '30s.

Feldman, who is from Scarsdale, New York, moved here in 1994 as a representative for an American shampoo company. But she soon quit. A collector of glass since her student days at Bard College in upstate New York, Feldman became enthralled with fine Czech objects from the prewar period. Glass artisanship remained at a high level even under the Communists because—unlike literature, painting or sculpture—it was considered ideologically innocuous. "The talent survived, but glassmakers lost a sense of how to reinterpret designs to make them fresh and appealing to markets abroad," says Feldman.

The glass artisans did not readily accept her earliest design suggestions, which included fruit bowls and flower vases whimsically decorated with bubble patterns—*bublinka*, or Czechified bubbles, as Feldman calls them. Older artisans were even more dubious about her shellfish and sardine motifs. But her designs became bestsellers abroad. At first, Feldman worked out of her apartment in Vinohrady—with the nearest phone three blocks away. But the Czech Republic offered advantages unavailable in Western Europe or the United States. "Here, I could go to a factory or workshop and ask them to make just one sample of a glass object for a hundred dollars or so," says Feldman. "Back in the States, that would have cost me thousands of dollars."

She called her new company Artel, after an early 20th-century cooperative of Czech artisans who rejected assembly lines in favor of well-designed, functional handmade objects. At her first trade show in New York, in 1998, Feldman came away with just 30 orders. Today, Artel sells in 26 countries, with the United States, Great Britain and Japan as the largest markets. One client is Rolls Royce, which buys custom-made Artel glasses and whiskey decanters for the bar in its top-of-the-line Phantom sedan. She also designed a set of tumblers in collaboration with Sol Lewitt, the American minimalist, who died this past April. "The city itself had nothing to do with my moving here," Feldman says. "But in retrospect, we are a great match. I'm a very visual person, and every single day in Prague is a feast for the eyes."

And ears. Despite a population of only 1.2 million, Prague supports three major venues for opera and dance, the Prague State Opera, the National Theater and the Estates Theater, and two major concert halls. There are a dozen or so chamber music performances in Renaissance and Baroque churches every day. Several nights a week, audiences sit on the carpeted, marble stairway of the National Museum and listen to a string quartet.

Mozart loved Prague. In Vienna and other European capitals, his operas were performed for royal and aristocratic audiences. But here, the audiences were mainly merchants, tradesmen, shopkeepers and artisans who reveled in the humorous gibes that Mozart aimed at the nobility in works like *Don Giovanni* and *The Marriage of Figaro*. Either or both are likely to be scheduled every week at the Estates Theater, where Mozart himself conducted the 1787 première of *Don Giovanni*.

But not all of Prague's music is classical. In the 1920s and '30s, the city was the capital of jazz in Central and Eastern Europe. Even in the Communist era, Prague's rock groups exerted a stronger emotional hold on their fans than bands elsewhere in the region. During the harsh repression that followed the Prague Spring of 1968—the brief reform movement headed by Communist party leader Alexander Dubcek whose slogan was "Socialism with a human face"—a band called *Plastic People of the Universe* became a favorite of dissidents. It was the arrest of its members in 1976 that helped spark the movement that culminated more than a dozen years later in the Velvet Revolution.

Today, Prague is once again a capital of popular music, and at its vortex is an American, Tonya Graves, and her band, *Monkey Business*. Graves, 37, was born in Peekskill, a New York City suburb. Her father is a Baptist minister

"TO FILM PARIS OR LONDON BEFORE THE 1800S."

Hollywood transplant David Minkowski (at historic Barrandov Studios, above) has become a leading film producer in Prague. The city, he says, offered a chance to "strike out on my own."

"PEOPLE HERE AND THROUGHOUT CENTRAL

and her mother a nurse. In college, she sang some blues and hits by the *Grateful Dead*. Strictly amateur hour. Her presence in Prague is accidental. Literally. Injured from walking through a restaurant's glass door in New York, she was awarded enough compensation to afford a long vacation in Europe.

On her first day in town, Graves visited a jazz club and congratulated the musicians on their virtuosity. They asked her to sing. "I was from New York, black and too short to play basketball, so they assumed I was a singer," Graves recalls. She complied, got hearty applause and was asked to come back a second night, then a third. Still, she was not ready to declare herself a singer.

In the United States, Graves had worked at shelters for runaway teenagers. "It was draining, but very enjoyable, and I thought I could find something similar in Prague," she says. But she didn't speak Czech. "Singing was the one thing I could do in Prague without a certificate or diploma," she says. Since 2000, she has been one of *Monkey Business*'s two vocalists. The band is a seven-member group with a strong preference for funk music. Her seven CDs have sold widely. Graves (who today has a Czech husband, Marek Gregor, and a 2-year-old son, Sebastian) also sings jazz—Ella Fitzgerald classics, especially—with a big band. "I'm only five feet, but with 15 musicians behind me I feel ten feet tall," she says. At a private party in a cavernous space in Barrandov Studios, the legendary moviemaking center on the city's southern outskirts, the band appears wearing costumes that evoke a playful nod to the group's name—car mechanics' uniforms, worn by "grease monkeys." But within minutes, Graves, sweating profusely, strips off her uniform to reveal a red, strapless dress.

The next day, I return to Barrandov to meet David Minkowski, a Hollywood transplant who, in partnership with Matthew Stillman, has become one of the city's leading film producers. Prague, which has been largely unscathed since the Thirty Years' War almost four centuries ago, has become a prime location for historical period films. "If you want to film Paris or London before the 1800s, the locations [are] in Prague," says Minkowski, 42. "Palaces and townhouses and many streets here haven't changed that much." More modest wages and prices make filming in Prague a lot cheaper than Western Europe or the United States. Prague also has a rich moviemaking tradition.

By the 1920s, quality silent films were being produced here. The Barrandov Studios were built in 1931 for talkies. (Even today, the restored villas of '30s stars and directors cling to the sides of Barrandov Hill.) Prague's film industry was considered so technically advanced that the Nazis, trying to escape the Allied bombing of Germany, relocated their propaganda moviemaking here during World War II.

After the Communists took over in 1948, Barrandov started producing insipid features about class struggle and heroic revolutionaries.

Occasionally, quality Barrandov films—even some critical of the authorities—were screened abroad. These included director Jiri Menzel's *Closely Watched Trains* (1966), about a young train station attendant who becomes an unlikely war hero, and Milos Forman's *The Firemen's Ball* (1967), about widespread corruption in government. Forman went into exile after the Soviet Army invaded in 1968 to put an end to the Prague Spring. In Hollywood, Forman went on to even greater success with films such as *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (1975) and *Amadeus* (1984), both winners of multiple Oscars.

Minkowski was aware of all this when he arrived here in 1995. At that point, Prague's film industry was at a low ebb, and the 30-year-old Californian had no desire to stay beyond a single project. It was a low-budget, made-for-cable-television film, *Hidden in Silence*, about a real teenager in Nazi-occupied Poland who conceals a group of Jews in her tiny attic.

But once production ended, another Hollywood team flew in for a television miniseries and asked Minkowski to help out. That led to a third project. And in 1997, a London producer of commercials asked Minkowski to head up production of feature films for his Barrandov-based company, Stillking Films. "I could have gone back to L.A. and become one of thousands fighting to work on films, or I could stay here and strike out on my own," says Minkowski, who now has a Czech wife, Lenka, and a son, Oliver, 4.

At first, his biggest problem was a thin labor pool. Oldtimers, who had been state employees at Barrandov during the Communist era, were reluctant to work the long hours required by Hollywood filmmakers. Minkowski supplemented them with teenagers and twentysomethings—bright, eager, motivated—that he found working in restaurants and hotels. He would strike up conversations to test their English, and if they seemed smart enough to quickly learn a new, demanding job, he would ask if they wanted to work at Stillking. "They always said yes," recalls Minkowski. "I mean who would choose to be a waiter or receptionist instead of doing movies?" Today, most Stillking employees are under 40, and the older film crews are gone.

During my visit, Stillking was producing *The Chronicles of Narnia: Prince Caspian*. Minkowski guided me through three giant sets: a 30,000-square-foot courtyard enclosed by stone-like ramparts and surrounded by a moat; the great hall of a castle with gargoyles jutting out of its walls; and most impressive of all, an indoor forest of live pine trees, moss and wildflowers. Minkowski wouldn't say how much the film will cost except that it exceeds the $175 million budget for *Casino Royale*, the James Bond extravaganza also co-produced by Stillking in 2006.

At its peak, over 1,500 locals worked on *Narnia*, remarkable for a mid-sized city with nine other active Barrandov companies. To service this massive revival of Prague's film industry, scores of small and medium-sized businesses have opened to cater food, supply material for sets and provide trailers for actors between shoots. "The film industry has helped turn Prague into such an entrepreneurial city," Minkowski told me.

"Entrepreneurial" was not an adjective used much when Communism collapsed here. Economists worried that large, formerly state-owned companies would not survive in the new capitalist era, and that not enough small and medium-sized businesses were being created in their place. Yet today, signs of commercial success are everywhere. Clothing boutiques and consumer electronics shops line the major streets and pedestrian malls. Pubs and sidewalk cafés are crammed with clients devouring the standard trio of Czech specialties—sausages, dumplings and cabbage—along with pints of local full-bodied brews such as Pilsner Urquell and Budvar.

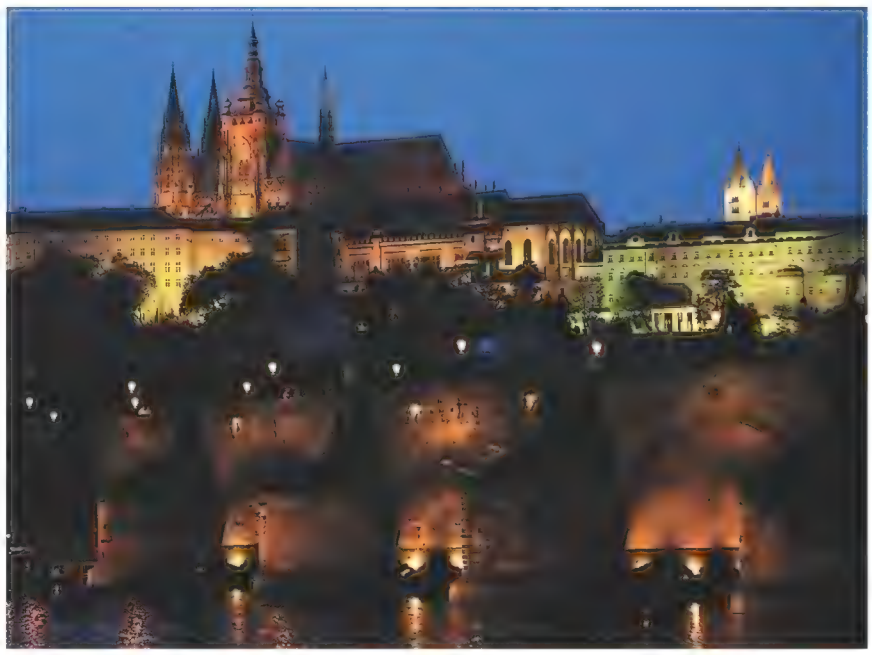
Behind the boom is a dramatic reform of Czech banking in which yet another American transplant, Jack Stack, has

EUROPE WILL BECOME THE ENGINE OF GROWTH."

Financier Jack Stack (right) relocated from New York seven years ago to revive a banking firm. "A real entrepreneurial spirit" has developed under a free-market economy, he says.

played a leading role. Like the rest of the banking system during the Communist era, Ceska Sporitelna, a savings institution founded in 1825, had fallen under state control. After the Velvet Revolution, Czech banks were expected to adapt quickly to the new market economy. Instead, corruption and chaos ensued. In the early 1990s, many businesses were privatized by shady promoters, who secretly sold off the most valuable parts of the firms. They then took out bank loans on the companies' money-losing remains, never intending to make repayments. In other cases, politicians pressured banks to make loans to large companies whose managers could deliver their employees' votes in elections. By 1999, almost half of all bank loans had failed. "The Czech economy was in bad shape, and investors were losing interest in the country," says Zdenek Tuma, governor of the Czech National Bank—the equivalent of the Federal Reserve Bank in the United States.

It was then that Stack, a lifelong New Yorker and veteran banker, decided to plunge into Prague's murky financial waters. He had spent more than two decades at Chemical Bank (now part of JP Morgan Chase) in a variety of management positions. "But I always wanted to run a bank, and I wasn't getting any further up the managerial ladder," says Stack.



A reverence for the city's history (Prague Castle, above) coexists with a sense of urgency. "Czechs want to make up for having lost so much time during the Communist era," says banker Jack Stack.

Through a headhunting agency, Stack had been contacted in 1999 by Austria's Erste Bank, which was negotiating to purchase Ceska Sporitelna and was looking for a chief executive officer, a daunting assignment. According to a 2000 survey by international management consulting firm Accenture, Ceska Sporitelna ranked dead last among local banks in customer satisfaction. Though it was the most overstaffed bank in the country, its employees were the most poorly paid—and among the surliest, according to client complaints. Investments in technology were so low its ATMs failed to operate at times of greatest demand. Stack talked it over with his wife, Patricia. "She pointed out the bank was in such bad shape that I could only improve it—and the adventure began," Stack recalls.

Once installed, he decided to draw on measures that had worked well at Chemical Bank. He slowly reduced the bloated staff by a third. He offered the 10,000 who remained bonuses based on the number of new accounts they opened and the old ones they induced to stay. The interior design of branches was altered from state-era stodginess to a more relaxed free-market style. Gone are the long counters attended by clerks whose subliminal message to customers appeared to be: "Wait to be called by the authorities." In their place are curved desks set in small, open, individual spaces. Investments in new technology vastly improved the performance of ATMs, and Ceska Sporitelna's appalling 45 percent bad-loan rate has been brought down to less than 2 percent, thanks to risk-management policies that value clients' creditworthiness more than who they know in high places.

The same sorts of reforms have since spread throughout Prague's banking system. "Jack Stack played a very important role in this process," says Tuma, the Czech National Bank governor. "The turnaround he led at Ceska Sporitelna was a key milestone in the transformation of our banking system." For Stack, the secret of Czech banking's recent success has been to tap consumer demand that had been pent up for decades. Mortgages in Prague are growing at over 40 percent a year, and bank loans to small and medium-sized businesses are up by 20 percent a year. "Czechs want to make up for having lost so much time during the Communist era," says Stack. "People here and throughout Central Europe will become the engine of growth for all of Europe because they are more ambitious, harder working and are developing a real entrepreneurial spirit."

Stack won't be around to see Prague return to the lofty living standards of Paris and Vienna. At 61, he is moving back to New York this year to take some time off and catch up with old friends and family. "I'm very reluctant to leave Prague because I will miss it," he says. "But I'm also very sure it's time for somebody else to take over the bank."

For the other Americans, Prague has become home. With direct flights now available, Feldman returns to New York several times a year. "I don't have to make choices anymore about where I should live permanently," she says. Graves' and Minkowski's Prague-born children have doting Czech grandparents who won't allow them to wander too far away for too long. And Prince William's son, William, wants Lobkowicz Palace to be more kid-friendly. He's helped create a kids' menu for the palace restaurant, featuring peanut-butter sandwiches and tuna melts. He has also created another diversion, a handout sheet containing a castle maze game—with three levels of difficulty—allowing diners of various ages to doodle away while awaiting their food. "Not a bad idea from a 12-year-old," says his dad.

For more images of Prague, visit Smithsonian.com/prague.

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Lunenburg waterfront. Photo courtesy of Nova Scotia Tourism, Culture, and Heritage

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ELVIS LIVES!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANDON NORDEMAN

"I'M JUST SO TIRED OF BEING ELVIS PRESLEY," he said when his fame had become almost too much to bear. Thirty years ago—on August 16, 1977, at the age of 42—he was relieved of that burden. But it was soon taken up by people trying to look like Elvis and perform his music. Since 2005, Landon Nordeman has been photographing "Elvis tribute artists" (not "impersonators," a term they find derogatory), of whom there are tens of thousands. "I want to photograph the story of who these people are on and off the stage, and understand why they devote part of their lives to Elvis," he says. Of course, there was much about Elvis to justify the iconography: his rags-to-riches story; the soulful rhythms of the South he brought to the nation's ear; his onstage charisma, with that distinctive sneer and suggestive body language; the outsize, sequined decline of his final years. But it probably boils down to the thrill of being reminded, if only secondhand, of the greatest rock 'n' roll star ever. Plus, those jumpsuits are pretty wild. { BY DAVID ZAX }

Landon Nordeman, who is 33 and based in New York City, says he first got interested in Elvis' afterlife when he saw Ryan Pelton (opposite, top, in Lake George, New York) give a performance so riveting it transformed the auditorium into a time capsule. Nordeman's project has taken him all over the world (above, backstage camaraderie in Blackpool, England). He says it's surprising how Elvis appeals to people everywhere (below, from left to right: Kraig Parker of Dallas, Texas, tours London; 12-year-old Travis Clark prepares his act in Virginia; a female equestrian team trots in Porthcawl, Wales, after performing a medley; Norwegian Johnny Reel smooches in Blackpool). Says Nordeman: "I'm trying to figure out who these guys are as individuals."

HEMINGWAY'S CUBA
CUBA'S HEMINGWAY

His last personal secretary returns to Havana and discovers that the novelist's mythic presence looms larger than ever

BY VALERIE HEMINGWAY **PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT WALLIS**

For Hemingway, Cuba was a place to relax (above, the waters off Cojimar, where he docked his fishing boat, the *Pilar*) and a place to write (opposite, the author at Finca Vigía in October 1954, after he was notified that he had won the Nobel Prize in Literature).

P. 67 LEONARD MCCOMBE / TIME LIFE PICTURES / GETTY IMAGES

A NORTHER WAS RAGING OVER HAVANA, bending and twisting the royal palm fronds against a threatening gray sky. My taxi splashed through the puddles along the Malecón, the majestic coastal road that circles half the city, as fierce waves cascaded over the sea wall and sprayed the footpath and street. Nine miles outside the city I arrived at what I had come to see: Finca Vigía, or Lookout Farm, where Ernest Hemingway had made his home from 1939 to 1960, and where he had written seven books, including *The Old Man and the Sea*, *A Moveable Feast* and *Islands in the Stream*.

The Finca Vigía had been my home too. I lived there for six months in 1960 as Hemingway's secretary, having met him on a sojourn to Spain the previous year, and I returned to the finca for five weeks in 1961 as a companion to his widow, Mary. (Later, I married Ernest's youngest son,

Gregory; we had three children before we divorced in 1987; he died in 2001.) I well remember the night in 1960 when Philip Bonsall, the U.S. ambassador to Cuba and a frequent visitor, dropped by to say that Washington was planning to cut off relations with Fidel Castro's fledgling government, and that American officials thought it would be best if Hemingway demonstrated his patriotism by giving up his beloved tropical home. He resisted the suggestion, fiercely.

As things turned out, the Hemingways left Cuba that summer so Ernest could tend to some writerly business in Spain and the United States; his suicide, in Idaho on July 2, 1961, made the question of his residency moot. Shortly thereafter, Mary and I returned to Cuba to pack up a mass of letters, manuscripts, books and paintings and ship them to the United States, and she donated the finca to the Cuban people. I visited Cuba briefly in 1999 to celebrate the centennial of Ernest's birth and found his home, by then a museum, essentially as Mary and I had left it almost 40 years before. But recently I heard that the Cuban government had spent a million dollars to restore the villa to its original condition and that work on the grounds, garage and the author's fishing boat was in progress. I was curious to see the results.

Havana, ever a city of contrasts, was showing her age when I visited last spring, yet signs of renewal were faintly evident in the old city, La Habana Vieja, and in the once-fashionable Vedado section. The City Historian's Office has plowed some of the profits from Havana's hotels, bars and restaurants into the restoration of historic buildings.

Surprisingly absent from radio, television and even the lips of the people I talked to was the name of Fidel Castro, who was still recovering from his intestinal surgery of July 2006. But Ernest Hemingway, dead 46 years, was almost as

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VALERIE HEMINGWAY, *author of* Running with the Bulls: My Years with the Hemingways, *lives in Bozeman, Montana. Photographer* **ROBERT WALLIS** *is based in London.*

In 1960, Finca Vigía had a lived-in feeling; now, it is a museum (below right) that has undergone a $1 million restoration. But the living room (above) is arranged just as it was when Hemingway left; in the room where he worked (above right, standing, as was his habit), magazines are still strewn on the bed.

TOP RIGHT: LEONARD MCCOMBE / TIME LIFE PICTURES / GETTY IMAGES

palpable a presence as he was during the two decades he lived and wrote at Finca Vigía. Between these two towering figures of the late 1950s, who met only once and briefly (when Castro won a Hemingway-sponsored fishing tournament in May 1960), Havana seemed to be caught in a time warp, locked into that fevered period of Hemingway's physical decline and Castro's meteoric rise to power.

Except now it was Hemingway who was ascendant, more celebrated than ever. Festivities were in the works not only for the 45th anniversary of the Museo Ernest Hemingway's opening, this past July, but even for the 80th anniversary, next April, of Hemingway's first footfall in Cuba (when the author and his second wife, Pauline Pfeiffer,

spent a brief layover in Havana on an ocean liner sailing from Paris to Key West in 1928).

The Hemingway I encountered on my ten-day visit was both more benign and more Cuban than the one I knew, with an accent on his fondness for the island and his kindness to its people. There seemed almost a proprietary interest in him, as if, with the yawning rift between the United States and Cuba, the appropriation of the American author gave his adopted country both solace and a sense of one-upmanship.

THE DIRECTOR OF the Museo Ernest Hemingway, Ada Rosa Alfonso Rosales, was waiting for me in her office, which had once been Finca Vigía's two-car garage. Surrounded by a staff of about half a dozen, a team of *especialistas* with pencils poised, tape recorder and video camera rolling, I fielded a barrage of questions about the finca and its former owners. Did I remember the color of the walls? Which important people had I met in the spring and summer of 1960? Those notations on Ernest's bathroom wall—could I identify who wrote the ones that aren't in his handwriting? After a while, I began to wonder whether it was my memory or my imagination that was filling in the gaps.

As we walked over to the main house after the interview, tourist buses were pulling into the parking lot. The visitors, about 80 percent of them foreigners, peered through the house's windows and French doors—their only option, since a special permit is needed to enter the premises. (Even so, I was told this is the most popular museum in Cuba.)

Inside, I felt distracted, not by the objects I was trying to identify, for I had taken little notice of them when I lived there, but by my memories. My Finca Vigía is not a museum but a home. Looking at the chintz-covered chair in the liv-

Cuba was Hemingway's adopted country, but he made himself at home (clockwise, from top): the novelist at Finca Vigía in 1940, the year he and his third wife, Martha Gellhorn, bought the place; with Valerie Hemingway, who was then his secretary, aboard his fishing boat, the *Pilar*, in 1960; with *Pilar* mate Gregorio Fuentes and a wahoo and a marlin they pulled out of the deep; and with Fidel Castro in 1960—the only occasion on which the two men met, at a marlin-fishing tournament that Hemingway sponsored and Castro won.

LLOYD ARNOLD / HULTON ARCHIVE / GETTY IMAGES; ARNE HODALIC / CORBIS; MARY HEMINGWAY / COLLECTION OF VALERIE HEMINGWAY; CORBIS SYGMA

ing room, I saw Hemingway's ample figure as he sat holding a glass of scotch in one hand, his head slightly nodding to a George Gershwin tune coming from the record player. In the dining room, I saw not the heavy oblong wooden table with its sampling of china place settings, but a spread of food and wine and a meal in progress, with conversation and laughter and Ernest and Mary occasionally calling each other "kitten" and "lamb." In the pantry, where the seven servants ate and relaxed, I recalled watching Friday-night boxing broadcasts from Madison Square Garden. For these matches, every household member was invited, and Ernest presided, setting the odds, monitoring the kitty, giving blow-by-blow accounts of the action.

Today, as in the past, old magazines were strewn on the bed in the large room at the south end of the house, where Ernest worked every morning, standing at a typewriter or writing in longhand, using a bookshelf as his desk. In the library next door each weekday afternoon, I transcribed as Ernest dictated answers to his business and personal letters. (He told me to take care of the fan mail as I pleased.) He would tell me about what he had written that morning or, on days of lesser inspiration, curtly report nothing more than a word count. The early months of 1960 were lighthearted and hopeful, but as spring turned to summer he became increasingly depressed by Cuba's political situation, his failing health and his growing inability to work.

The Gigi Stars—the boys' baseball team Hemingway started—included (top, from left) his son Gregory, Rudolfo Villarreal and Alberto "Fico" Ramos, c. 1940. Surviving Stars today include Orlando Orta Delgado, Humberto Hernández and Oscar Blas Fernández.

Now, the house, which was once so well worn and lived in—even a bit shabby in places—seemed crisp and pristine and crystallized in time.

I had a similar thought when my hosts at the finca introduced me to three men from the surrounding village of San Francisco de Paula: Oscar Blas Fernández, Alberto "Fico" Ramos and Humberto Hernández. They are among the last living witnesses to Hemingway's Cuban life, and their recollections of the finca reached far back in time. Before Hemingway arrived in 1939, they told me, they and their friends used to play baseball in the street outside the house's gate. They used a flat piece of wood for a bat and a rolled-up wad of cloth for a ball. But after he bought the house, Hemingway was looking for playmates for his sons Patrick and Gregory (they were 11 and 8 at the time) during their summer visits. The new owner invited about a dozen Cuban boys, all 8 or 9 themselves, to bring the game onto the finca's grounds. He bought bats, balls, caps; he had a local seamstress make uniforms from discarded sugar sacks. Because Gregory (or "Gigi," pronounced with hard g's) was a star athlete, the team became known as Las Estrellas de Gigi, or the Gigi Stars. They played every summer through 1943.

Hemingway did the pitching—for both teams. At first the boys called him "mister"—"Not *señor*, mister," Blas recalled. But Gigi called him "Papa," and eventually the rest of the team followed suit. To this day, the surviving players, like much of the literary world, refer to him as "Papa Hemingway."

Some of the boys were given chores—picking up the mail, tending the many cats and dogs—so they could earn a little pocket money, and two of them worked at the finca after they completed their education. Mary taught Fico to cook, and he helped her make a Chinese luncheon for Ernest's 50th birthday, in 1949. His teammate René Villarreal became a houseboy at age 17 and butler soon afterward; Mary called him her *hijo Cubano*—her Cuban son. No one at the finca mentioned that she later helped him leave Cuba for New Jersey.

MY TOUR of the finca complete, I returned to Havana, where I found the Cuban Hemingway again on display, at the Ambos Mundos Hotel, a dignified establishment from the 1920s that now caters primarily to upscale foreign visitors. The hotel has designated Room 511, where Hemingway stayed off and on in the 1930s, as a museum. The entrance fee is $2 CUC (Cuban Convertible Peso, on par with the U.S. dollar)—the precise amount Hemingway used to pay for a one-night stay. Framed black-and-white photographs of the man adorn adjacent walls behind a square mahogany tourism desk in the high-ceilinged lobby. At the hotel's rooftop restaurant, the menu lists a Hemingway Special, an elaborate fish dish with rice and vegetables, for about $15.

From the Ambos Mundos, I walked nine blocks to the Floridita bar, once a gathering place for American businessmen and Navy personnel, now famous as the cradle of the daiquiri and even more famous as Hemingway's favorite watering hole. Decorated in red velvet and dark wood, the place was throbbing with live music and thronged with

TOP: COLLECTION OF RENÉ VILLERREAL

PHOTO CREDIT

Amid decay elsewhere in the city, La Habana Vieja (photographed in April 2007) is showing signs of renewal as the City Historian's Office plows some of the profits from bars, restaurants and hotels into the restoration of the lively area's historic buildings.

The almost proprietary interest that Cubans take in Hemingway can be seen in the lobby of the Ambos Mundos Hotel (above), where photographs of the author overlook the lobby, and at the Floridita bar (below), where a statue has commandeered Papa's seat.

European and South American tourists. Many lined up to have their photos taken beside a bronze Hemingway statue. The bartender set a dozen glasses at a time on the bar and expertly filled each with a daiquiri, the rum-and-lime-juice cocktail Hemingway described as having "no taste of alcohol and felt, as you drank them, the way downhill glacier skiing feels running through powder snow." On this occasion, I abstained and moved on.

Cojimar, the little port town six miles east of Havana where Hemingway kept his fishing boat, the *Pilar*, was the inspiration for the village he depicted in *The Old Man and the Sea*. It was once a busy fishing hub, but now the waters are mostly fished out. Gone, too, is Gregorio Fuentes, the *Pilar*'s mate and the town's main attraction (he promoted himself as the model for Santiago in *The Old Man and the Sea*, and indeed some scholars say he fit the bill); he died in 2002 at age 104. But, La Terraza, the restaurant and bar where Hemingway often stopped for a sundowner after a day of fishing for marlin or sailfish on the Gulf Stream, is still in business. Once a fisherman's haunt, today it is more heavily patronized by tourists. A few paces away, overlooking the water, is a bust of Hemingway, a tribute from local fishermen who, in 1962, donated metal for it from their boats—propellers, cleats and the like. When I was there, four professors from the University of Georgia at Athens were taking snapshots of the bust while their graduate students drank La Terraza's beer. Though the U.S. government bars American citizens from traveling to Cuba, it makes some exceptions, such as for education. The Georgia students, one of their professors said, were on a joint economic planning project with the University of Havana.

"FOR MORE than 30 years Hemingway had permanent contact with Cuba—in other words, for two-thirds of his creative life," the noted Cuban writer Enrique Cirules told me in the lobby of the Hotel Victoria, a writers' hangout where he had suggested we meet. "Yet stu-

dents of his work and life concentrate solely on the European and U.S. years, and the influence of those places on his work. Cuba is never mentioned. I believe it is necessary to delve more deeply into the relationship between Hemingway and his Cuban environment."

Cirules is a handsome man of 68, slender and genial, a novelist, essayist and Hemingway scholar and enthusiast. He was not only reiterating what I had heard elsewhere in Cuba, he intends to personally rectify this perceived imbalance, having spent 20 years studying Hemingway's Cuban presence. His preliminary research was published in 1999 as *Ernest Hemingway in the Romano Archipelago*, a work through which the mythic Cuban Hemingway strides.

"It is as though he still roamed the streets of Havana, with his corpulence, his broad shoulders," Cirules writes. In his first decade there, he goes on, Hemingway spent his time "exploring the streets and taverns, observing, listening, inebriated at times, on nights of drinking, on nights of cockfights, womanizing in the most splendid places, and acquiring habits that would lead him hopelessly to seek refuge on the fifth floor of a peaceful and protective little hotel on Obispo Street" (the Ambos Mundos).

"It is as though he still roamed the streets of Havana, with his corpulence, his broad shoulders," Enrique Cirules (above) writes in a study of Hemingway's time in Cuba. The country's influence on the novelist's work, Cirules argues, has never been fully appreciated.

To me, Cirules' Hemingway is a blend of the man I knew, his fictional characters (especially Thomas Hudson of *Islands in the Stream*), local lore and the waning memories of aged locals. "Until 1936 there was an intense and scandalous affair between the writer Ernest Hemingway and the voluptuous Jane Mason," Cirules writes, naming a young woman who was then married to the head of Pan Am in the Caribbean. She and Hemingway, the author says, spent four months together on the *Pilar*, cruising the northern coast of Cuba.

This affair has been the subject of speculation—part of the Hemingway lore—but if it ever took place, it must have been uncommonly discreet. There was certainly no scandal. And however Hemingway may have acted as a young man, the man I knew was slightly shy and surprisingly puritanical.

Cirules and his wife, María, took me to Havana's Barrio Chino, or Chinatown, where Hemingway used to favor the cheap eateries. Enrique drove us in his 20-year-old Russian-French car, which hiccuped seriously each time it started. Near the restaurant, María pointed to the imposing Pórtico del Barrio Chino (Chinatown Gate), erected in 1999 and paid for by the Chinese government. (Since Cuba began relaxing its rules on foreign investment in the 1990s, the Chinese have funded several Chinatown renovation projects.) We ate a simple but tasty meal, paying $18 for four people, about half what a tourist restaurant would charge.

After dinner we went to the Hotel Nacional, the historic landmark built in 1930, favored by Winston Churchill and still Havana's premier hotel, to meet Toby Gough, a 37-year-old British impresario who travels the world seeking exotic dancers to put into stage shows he produces in Europe. Gough lives in Havana a few months of the year. In the last half-decade, he has taken his pre-Castro-style productions—*The Bar at Buena Vista*, *Havana Rumba*, *Lady Salsa*—to a dozen countries with, he boasts, astonishing success. "Cuba sells the image of Cuba in the '50s the whole time while rejecting its values," Gough told me. The Cuban government gives its blessing to such enterprises because they stimulate tourism. I suppose that for a Communist country in dire need of foreign exchange, the image of a decadent capitalist playground helps pay the bills.

Gough calls his new show *Hemingway in Havana*, and it features an Irish-Canadian actor/writer Brian Gordon Sinclair as a Hemingway surrounded by Cuban dancers. Gough said he "took the music of Hemingway's era, the mambo, the cha-cha-cha, flamencos during the bullfight stories, a song about fishing, a song about drinking, and then contrasted the local Cuban people then and now with a contemporary dance piece." Apparently, the Cuban Hemingway has become an export, like Cuban rum, cigars, music and art.

Gough recently staged a private performance of the show for Sir Terence Conran, the furniture retailer (Habitat) turned nightclub-and-restaurant entrepreneur, who, Gough said, was considering it for his London El Floridita. It came as news to me that Hemingway's old haunt had been franchised.

ON THE LONG FLIGHT HOME I had time to compare the Cuban Hemingway, with whom I'd spent the last few days, with the Hemingway of my memories. The man I knew did not belong to any country or person (though maybe to his alpha male tabby cat, Cristóbal Colón). He enjoyed the land, the sea, great ideas and small ones too, plus sports, literature and everyone who plied an honest trade. He let nothing interfere with his work, not even drink. He had an excessive love for animals and would show unusual kindness to people, but nothing could match his anger.

I felt lucky never to have incurred that wrath. He could be ruthless or cruel with friends and, especially, family if they did not meet his expectations. I watched the manuscript of his brother Leicester's autobiography go up in flames in the burn barrel on the terrace outside the library while Ernest muttered, "Blackmail." I noted the ostracizing of his son—

my future husband, Gregory—after a series of false starts and academic missteps that would be explained only much later as the result of deep emotional distress. And I remember Hemingway venting, in some of the letters I transcribed in the finca library so long ago, what can only be called hatred for his third wife, Martha Gellhorn. (It was she who had found the finca, which the couple first rented, then purchased, to celebrate their 1940 wedding.) If her name, or Gregory's, came up, even accidentally, everyone in the house walked on tiptoes and spoke in whispers.

Hemingway was a born teacher and lifelong student—of nature, sports, history, of everything he engaged in—and his sense of humor is often overlooked. (He loved wordplay, as you might expect of a writer, but he was also a gifted mimic.) He taught me to fish for marlin in the Gulf Stream, to evaluate a fighting cock, to shoot a rifle—then told me what to read, and how good writing must be based on an intimate knowledge of a subject. My apprenticeship may have been the most transformative any young secretary has ever experienced.

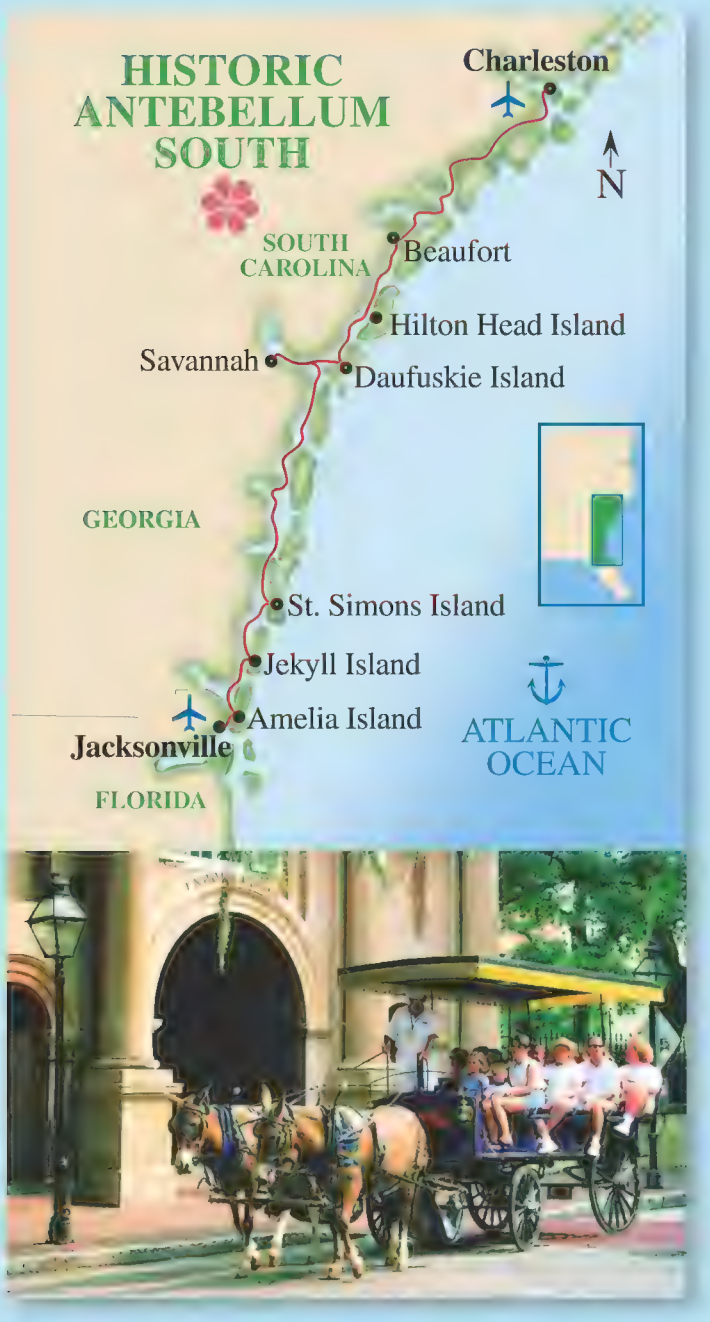
On the flight home, I also thought about some of the things the three septuagenarian Gigi Stars had told me. Baseball was not part of my finca experience, but after Ernest, Mary and I left Cuba in July 1960 and made our way to New York City, one of the first people I met was Mickey Mantle. We had gone to Toots Shor's restaurant for a drink before heading to Madison Square Garden to watch one of heavyweight boxer Archie Moore's last fights. No sooner had Shor greeted Hemingway than the restaurateur brought over the Yankees slugger. When Mantle shook my hand, all I saw was a handsome young man. I was oblivious to his celebrity.

The Hemingway image may become a Cuban export—British impresario Toby Gough (above) plans to mount a Cuban dance revue called *Hemingway in Havana*—but it is also anchored in Cojimar (below), in the bust made from metal donated by the port's fishermen.

Years later, while Greg and I were married, he often took our sons to Central Park, where he taught them the finer points of baseball. I knew nothing of the Gigi Stars, but my children would often remind me that I had once met Mickey Mantle. In time, we became a Yankees family; in spring and summer, we took the number four subway north to Yankee Stadium to cheer them on. Not once, to me or to his sons, did Greg ever speak of the far-off days in Cuba when he had been a baseball star himself, had had a team named after him and had been his father's favorite son.

Listen to Ernest Hemingway reading his remarks on receiving the Nobel Prize at Smithsonian.com/hemingway.

SMOOTH WATERS
SOUTHERN CHARM



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PRIDE OF THE REALM

An extraordinary collection of pictures has traveled from the United Kingdom's national portrait gallery to ours

BY DIANE M. BOLZ

ALESSANDRO RAHO / NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON; P. 79 MARCUS GHEERAERTS THE YOUNGER / NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

Known as the "Ditchley Portrait," this stylized depiction of Elizabeth I at age 59 was painted by artist Marcus Gheeraerts the Younger c. 1592. The life-size painting (opposite) of Dame Judi Dench, who portrayed the Virgin Queen in the 1998 film *Shakespeare in Love*, was done by Alessandro Raho in 2004.

AFTER THE BRITISH ARTIST Alessandro Raho won a commission from the National Portrait Gallery, London to paint Dame Judi Dench's portrait, he made an appointment to meet the actress at the museum to discuss arrangements. As it happened, she arrived before he did and was waiting for him in the foyer. Seeing her standing there, he knew at once that was the pose he wanted. So he painted her in street clothes against a plain white background, hoping, he says, "to trap something I saw in her while she waited . . . unaware of me."

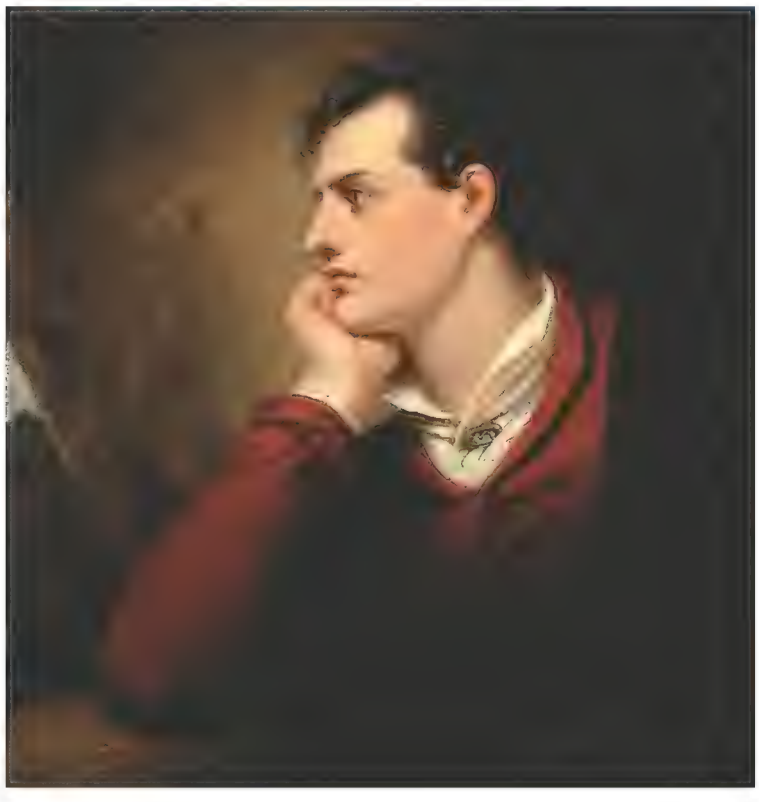
The radically simple, life-size likeness is one of 60 paintings, photographs and mixed-media works on loan to the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery in Washington, D.C. until September 3. From Henry VIII to Charles Darwin to Mick Jagger, "Great Britons" spans five centuries and reflects the 150-year-old London museum's dedication to what director Sandy Nairne calls "the importance of the individual."

Today, one of Britain's most celebrated authors is J. K. Rowling, creator of the blockbuster *Harry Potter* novels, and Stuart Pearson Wright's unconventional, illusionistic portrait (left) befits a writer of fantasy. "I was keen to add something unusual to the National Portrait Gallery's collection," says Pearson Wright, 31.

GEORGE CHARLES BERESFORD / NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON; STUART PEARSON WRIGHT / NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

"A national portrait gallery is a living image of how a country sees itself," says Sandy Nairne, director of London's National Portrait Gallery. Opposite, top: Virginia Woolf, photographed in 1902 by George Charles Beresford; bottom: J. K. Rowling in a 2005 portrait by Stuart Pearson Wright. Above: Lewis Carroll's 1860 photo of Alice Liddell (far left, with siblings), who inspired *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. Below: James Joyce, 1935, by Jacques-Émile Blanche. Right: Oscar Wilde, 1882, by Napoleon Sarony.

LEWIS CARROLL (CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON) / NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON; JACQUES-EMILE BLANCHE / NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON



"This exhibition is a powerful example of how a portrait gallery puts a face on history," says Washington, D.C.'s National Portrait Gallery director Marc Pachter. Above: Queen Victoria (who cultivated an Indian atmosphere in her court after being proclaimed Empress of India in 1876) photographed in 1893 in her garden at Frogmore House, Windsor, working on state papers and attended by her servant Karim Abdul. Left: the Rolling Stones' Mick (Sir Michael) Jagger captured in a 1973 photograph by Jane Bown. Below, left: Diana, Princess of Wales, rendered in 1997, the year of her death, by photographer Mario Testino. Below, right: the dashing poet George Gordon Byron, at age 25, in an 1813 painting (detail) by Richard Westall.

HILLS & SAUNDERS / NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON; NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON; MARIO TESTINO, NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

Inspired by 18th-century toy theaters and the boxes of artist Joseph Cornell, he created a three-dimensional, diorama-like work whose strange perspective and *trompe l'oeil* technique convey a sense of tension and mystery.

Among the more traditional works is an 1813 portrait (opposite) by Richard Westall of George Gordon Byron at age 25, just a year after the publication of the initial two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, his first popular success. The romantic rendering makes clear why Byron's dashing profile and tousled hair contributed to his fame.

The portraits, all told, have an arresting intimacy. Marc Pachter, director of Washington, D.C.'s National Portrait Gallery, says the exhibition "introduces you to people you have only heard or read about. It's almost as if you were invited to some kind of extraordinary dinner party to meet these individuals. It's a dinner date with history."

JASON BELL / NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON / PHILIP OLIVER HALE / NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

Photographer Jason Bell's portrait of four-time Academy Award-nominated actress Kate Winslet (left) was taken in 2001 when she was 25. Thomas Adès (top), one of the best-known composers of his generation, was depicted at age 31 by artist Phil Hale in 2002. The result of a seven-month collaboration between artist and sitter, the painting shows Adès exercising his right hand, injured in a minor fall.

Visit Smithsonian.com/britons for additional images of Great Britons.

On the Case

Kathy Reichs, the forensic expert who helped inspire the TV show "Bones," talks about homicides, DNA and her latest novel

BY CATE LINEBERRY

WHEN SHE'S NOT WORKING for North Carolina's chief medical examiner in Charlotte, and for Quebec's central crime lab in Montreal, she writes bestselling crime novels featuring forensic anthropologist Temperance Brennan. The character inspired the television show "Bones," about a female forensic specialist at the "Jeffersonian," a fictional Washington, D.C. museum not unlike the Smithsonian. Reichs' tenth novel, *Bones to Ashes*, appears this month. A Chicago native with a doctorate in anthropology, Reichs is married to Paul Reichs, a lawyer, with whom she has three grown children.

WHAT ATTRACTED YOU TO THE FIELD OF FORENSIC ANTHROPOLOGY? I was doing archaeology, and the police started bringing me cases. If there was a local bones specialist at a university, often law enforcement would take skeletal remains there. As I started doing it, I liked that it was very relevant.

HOW CLOSELY DO YOU WORK WITH CRIMINAL INVESTIGATORS? Not everything that comes in is a homicide. It could be an old person who wandered off, died in the woods and the body is found years later. If it's a homicide, we work with the investigators at the outset. I might tell them, "You're looking for a middle-aged black male." They'll go off and get missing persons lists, and they might bring back some possible names and profiles. They'll try to get medical records, dental records. If it's a homicide, then we might also talk about trauma. If someone is prosecuted, then I'll testify.

YOU WORK ON CRIME VICTIMS. DO YOU THINK ABOUT THEM A LOT? You have to remain objective, of course. My colleague Clyde Snow has said, "If you have to cry, you cry at night at home. While you're doing your job, you do your job." The cases that stay in your mind are the ones that haven't been resolved.

YOU TESTIFIED IN TANZANIA AT THE UNITED NATIONS TRIBUNAL ON GENOCIDE IN RWANDA. What I did there was similar to what I had done for the military lab for many years, which was to review positive IDs of [dead] soldiers. I was at the tribunal under witness protection; they told me they had lost some witnesses.

DO YOU WORRY ABOUT YOUR SAFETY? There was one trial in the States in which the defendant said he was going to kill me. They couldn't bring extra cops into the courtroom because that would be prejudicial, but they put them at the doors. They said, "If he comes at you, just get down." I thought, if he comes at me, I'm diving behind the judge. (The defendant was convicted.)

WHEN DID YOU START WRITING FICTION? In the mid-1990s, when I had a serial murder case. It was before this massive interest in forensics. The time seemed right to combine murder mystery and forensics with a strong female character. I took the approach to write about what I know. I base my books only loosely on real cases. The one that triggered *Bones to Ashes* was a child skeleton found on the Quebec-New Brunswick border—a child about 5 or 6 years old who has never been identified.

The time seemed right, she says, to combine murder mystery and forensics with a strong female character.

WHAT IMPACT HAVE FORENSIC NOVELS AND TV SHOWS HAD ON THE PUBLIC? They've made the public a bit more aware of science. Especially kids. Especially little girls, which is a good thing. But they've raised the public's expectations higher than is realistic, with juries expecting every single case to get DNA every time. That's not realistic. It's not even smart. You don't do every single test in every single case.

WHAT DO YOUR SCIENCE COLLEAGUES THINK OF YOUR FICTION? You're not supposed to be writing fiction. If you do it in the English department, you're a hero. If you do it in the science department, you're a little suspect.

ERIC OGDEN / CORBIS OUTLINE

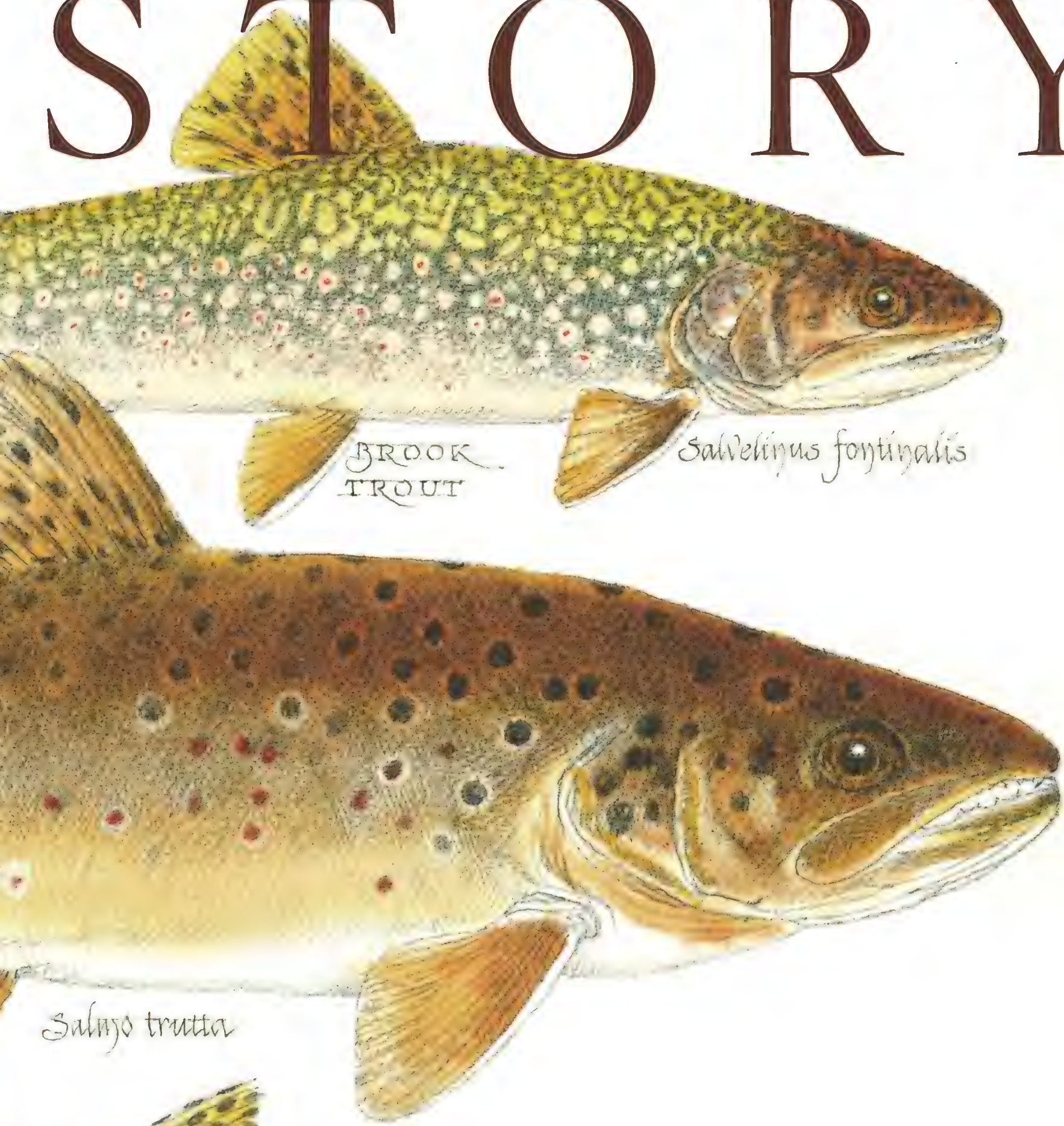
For an excerpt of the latest novel by Kathy Reichs, go to Smithsonian.com/bones.

"As a kid I pictured myself as a scientist," says Reich (in 2006). "I never anticipated writing fiction."

FISH

COASTAL RAINBOW TROUT
Oncorhynchus mykiss irideus
BROWN TROUT
GREENBACK CUTTHROAT TROUT
Oncorhynchus clarki stomias

STORY



Native trout are returning to America's rivers and streams, thanks to new thinking by scientists and conservationists

BY ROBERT M. POOLE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCOTT S. WARREN
ILLUSTRATION BY DUGALD STERMER

Trout thrive in clean, cold water. That's what now flows in Montana's Big Blackfoot River (fishing guide Pat Kane casts, above), a river system on its way back to health.

THE IMMIGRANTS, crowded into the damp hold of the German steamship *Werra*, were not particularly welcome when they made landfall in the United States on February 24, 1883. Xenophobic feelings were running high, with many Americans worried that the Europeans would displace residents already struggling to stay afloat.

The critics were quite nasty about the newcomers, variously described as scaly, voracious, monstrous and homely. They stole food from natives. They had sharp teeth. They ate their young. They were greenish yellow with red spots. They were fish.

Specifically, the fish disembarking the *Werra* that February were trout-to-be in the form of 80,000 fertilized eggs from a hard-fighting strain of *Salmo trutta*, the European brown trout, which makes its first appearance in Roman literature about A.D. 200, swims through Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler* and Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, inspires Franz Schubert's "Trout" quintet of 1819 and establishes a beachhead in North America with this 1883 shipment.

The consequences of its arrival are felt—on the riverbank, in public hearing rooms and in courthouses—to this day. Indeed, it is not too much of a stretch to suggest that the continuing story of trout in America—native and introduced, threatened and thriving—is a fair reflection of our own restless history, with its marathon migrations, its paroxysms of prejudice, its well-intentioned blunders and its reassuring urge to set those blunders right again. Before we get into that, let us return to the invasive species that launched this fish story.

It began, suitably, with a fishing trip. Fred Mather, a United States delegate to the Berlin Fish Cultural Exposition of 1880, visited the Black Forest, where he was delighted to catch a few brown trout with his host, the Baron Friedrich Felix von Behr, president of the German Fish Culturists Association. Mather, a founding father of fish propagation in the New World, was determined to import brown trout to America.

The baron obliged him a few years later, providing the first eggs for shipment, which were stowed in the *Werra*'s icehouse. When the fish arrived, Mather took them to a fish nursery at Long Island's Cold Spring Harbor. Some were allowed to develop into fry, others were dispatched to hatcheries in Caledonia, New York, and still others to the U.S. Fish Commission station in Northville, Michigan.

ROBERT M. POOLE, *a trout fisherman for more than 40 years, is a contributing editor.* **SCOTT S. WARREN** *last photographed the Zuni for* SMITHSONIAN. **DUGALD STERMER** *lives in San Francisco.*

After a century of piscatorial tinkering, nothing seems to be where it belongs.

They and their progeny, reinforced with shipments from Germany, England and Scotland, would be released into the rivers of their adoptive homeland and soon were thriving in streams from New England to the Rockies. They spawned; they grew fat; they ate their young; and, yes, they did exactly as the xenophobes predicted—they muscled aside the native brook trout of the East, beloved of Winslow Homer and Daniel Webster. Brown trout grew bigger than brookies, could withstand warmer water and were fiercely territorial, sending their homegrown cousins scooting upstream in search of new quarters.

Not that there were many brook trout left to harass by the 1880s. This was thanks not to *Salmo trutta* but to *Homo sapiens*. As cities and towns spread in the years following the Civil War, forests were felled for timber, rivers made into logging runs, towering hemlocks axed for tanneries and hardwoods ground up for distilling in acid factories. Brook trout, scientifically known as *Salvelinus fontinalis*—the "little salmon of the fountain"—had lost their fountains, the clear, cool, richly oxygenated waters they need to survive. By 1879, *Forest and Stream* magazine reported little hope: "This is probably the last generation of trout fishers."

The native westslope cutthroat trout (named for the slash of red on its throat) is staging a comeback after decades of losing ground to its immigrant cousins in the Rocky Mountains.

ROBERT POOLE

The requiem proved premature. Before the 20th century ran its course, brown trout had taken control of the Beaverkill River of New York, the Letort of Pennsylvania, the Pere Marquette of Michigan, the Madison of Montana and other waters soon to become legendary in the chronicles of American angling. "Many of us can remember how poor our sport was before the first of the brown trout came in," wrote Theodore Gordon, a pioneer of American fly-fishing, in 1913. In the years since, fishermen and fisherwomen have flourished with the brown trout. At last count, there were 34 million anglers flailing away with fly rods and spinning gear in the United States, where they spend $36 billion on their sport each year.

Today, although marginalized and reduced in number, the beleaguered brook trout hangs on in the East. The fish find refuge in the high, thin tributaries of the Catskills; in the secluded ponds of Maine and Michigan; and in the little rivers of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies. Thousands were scooped up and saved for hatcheries in the 19th century; these helped replenish Eastern streams and provided stock in places where brook trout had never lived before—where today they are cast, ironically, in the role of invaders, driving the natives before them.

WHETHER A TROUT is a nuisance or a valued member of the community depends upon where you stand on the map. Of the four major trout species in the United States—rainbow, brook, cutthroat and brown—only the brown trout was introduced from abroad, but any of the four might be considered invasive when introduced into a new watershed. Thus, a rainbow trout (*Oncorhynchus mykiss*) transplanted from its native California to Virginia is regarded as a nonnative in its new home; by the same reasoning, an Eastern brook trout becomes a pest in Western streams. It has displaced resident trout from the small rivers and lakes of Montana, Colorado, New Mexico and other mountain states. The brook trout's main victim is the cutthroat, so called for the bright slash of crimson under its jaw. Squeezed on one side by invasive brook trout, native cutthroats are also under challenge from rainbow trout, a cousin introduced from the Pacific Coast. Cutthroats comprise at least 13 separate subspecies, each one fine-tuned by centuries of evolution for a particular nook or cranny of rugged mountain and desert living. Of these subspecies, two are extinct, two endangered and many others in trouble.

Does it matter?

"Well, it matters if you are concerned about biodiversi-

ty," says Robert J. Behnke, an emeritus professor of fisheries and conservation at Colorado State University and one of the country's leading trout biologists. "The first rule of intelligent tinkering is not to throw away a part because you do not understand where it goes or what it does," he adds, paraphrasing the conservationist Aldo Leopold. "You put brook trout in a stream and the cutthroats just disappear," he says. "They're so many brook trout in the West—that's why they're our leading candidate to poison."

Behnke, a blond, burly man who punctuates his conversation with puffs on an ever-present pipe, calmly watches a visitor squirm at the mention of poison. "Look, a lot of chemophobes don't like it, but these poisons have been declared perfectly safe by the Environmental Protection Agency. The federal courts have ruled that it's all right to use them."

Thus thousands of brookies have sacrificed their lives to make room for native fish in Western states. When fast-acting piscicides such as antimycin or rotenone have done their work and dissipated, natives are reintroduced to the stream.

Such poisoning and relocation programs have led, in part, to the recovery of many previously imperiled fish: the Gila trout, native to the mountains of New Mexico and southeast Arizona, recently had its status upgraded from endangered to threatened by the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service. The once-endangered Paiute cutthroat of California, likewise now listed as threatened, has returned in decent numbers, as have the Lahontan cutthroat of Nevada and the Bonneville cutthroat of the Great Basin.

In the East, meanwhile, biologists at the Great Smoky Mountains National Park have begun poisoning some creeks to rid them of rainbow trout, imported from California in the 1930s and thriving in the Smokies ever since. By removing rainbows from about 40 miles of the park's 2,100-mile river system, the National Park Service hopes to make at least part of the Smokies a refuge for brookies again.

Perhaps the sweetest comeback belongs to the greenback cutthroat trout: declared extinct in 1937, the fish is swimming again in the Colorado Rockies, thanks to some scientific sleuthing by Behnke. "This botanist called and said there was a funny-looking trout in Como Creek, way up in the headwaters," Behnke recalls. "Nobody could figure out what it was." Behnke collected one of the funny-looking fish, combed through the early literature of exploration in the region and called for museum specimens collected by 19th-century expeditions. Comparing these with Como Creek's living fish in 1969, Behnke made a positive identification: the long-missing greenbacks, victims of overfishing and hybridization, were back. They had never really left, of course, just disappeared from view for a few decades. From the tiny group of fish Behnke discovered in Como Creek, some 60 new greenback populations have been transplanted throughout the Rocky Mountain National Park and surrounding national forests, ensuring a secure future for the trout that almost got away. The U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service has removed greenbacks from the endangered list; Colorado has honored them as its state fish; and anglers are even allowed to fish for them on a catch-and-release basis.

Behnke and I made a pilgrimage to the section of the Roosevelt National Forest where he rediscovered the greenbacks. We stood quietly among the aspens while peering into Como Creek, no more than three feet wide. One fish appeared as a shadow holding its place in the clear cold water, facing upstream. Bronze-sided and boldly spotted, it blended perfectly with the brown, pebbly creek bottom—proof that some environmental disaster stories have happy endings. We spotted more fish as we worked our way downstream, stopping where the tiny creek disappears under a roadway. Behnke strained for a last look, pausing before he spoke: "You'd never think there would be fish here."

Tributaries of the Big Blackfoot are being transformed from drainage ditches into living streams. (Ryen Aasheim, assisted by dog Annabelle, supervises a project on Hoyt Creek.)

AFTER MORE THAN A CENTURY of piscatorial tinkering, nothing seems to be where it belongs—brookies to the west, rainbows to the east and browns all over. This happened for the best of motives: since the late 1800s, government agencies and private hatcheries have been raising fish and transporting them widely to provide food and sport for a growing nation. This long-accepted practice, thought to

"Dr. Trout," a.k.a. Robert J. Behnke (fishing in Rocky Mountain National Park), has helped identify and resurrect native trout species—even some previously declared extinct.

"A trout was a trout was a trout. It didn't matter what you put where," Behnke says.

be modern, progressive and scientifically based, has only recently been questioned by biologists, conservation groups and game agencies concerned about the long-term health of trout populations.

"Nobody gave much thought to the ecological consequences," says Behnke. "A trout was a trout was a trout. It didn't matter what you put where—that was the old paradigm. But we're seeing more thought to managing for native and wild fish these days, and more reliance on habitat rather than hatcheries."

Behnke is heartened that government agencies and conservation groups such as Trout Unlimited show a new appreciation for the importance of genetic diversity and improved habitat, both of which are emphasized in the National Fish Habitat Action Plan. The plan, announced in March 2006 by the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service and a partnership of state agencies and conservation organizations, will scientifically identify the leading threats to fish species and offer guidelines for their recovery and conservation, with a focus on protecting streams and rivers for fish. The project is modeled after the largely successful habitat restoration plan launched for waterfowl in the 1980s.

In some Western states and in most national parks, biologists and wildlife managers believe that the future health of trout populations will also be enhanced by less emphasis on hatchery-raised fish and more on habitat improvement. In Montana, which depends on visiting anglers for many of its tourist dollars, the state department of Fish, Wildlife & Parks stopped stocking its rivers and streams with hatchery-raised fish three decades ago. The idea was to preserve the variety of Montana's wild trout, which had been compromised by decades of competition and inbreeding with hatchery fish, which tend to be less hardy and less wary than their wild cousins. Hatchery trout, which still form the basis of state programs in much of the heavily populated East, are also expensive to raise and to transport to streams, where they are quickly caught by anglers or dispatched by other predators. Less than 1 percent of such fish survive from one season to the

Settlers in Denver fished so extensively during frontier days (a 1916 fish fry at Marvine Lake, Colorado) they almost wiped out greenback cutthroats and other native trout species.

JOHN HART / COLORADO DIVISION OF WILDLIFE

Like the cowboys who settled Montana, young trout are programmed for traveling.

next, according to Behnke. "Everybody thought we were crazy when we stopped stocking hatchery fish," says Tom Palmer, information bureau chief of Montana's innovative fish and wildlife agency. "Now it's all wild. We get bigger and better fish that way. They are more resistant to disease, and they survive longer."

PALMER'S COMMENTS seemed pertinent on a recent September morning, when the season's first snows salted the mountains and I floated down the Madison River in a drift boat prospecting for big brown trout. "Why don't you throw your line under that bank?" said Brian Grossenbacher, an old friend now working as a fishing guide in Bozeman, Montana. I plunked a fuzzy green fly made of feathers and synthetic yarn in that direction. It drifted down through the clear current, and a trout lunged for it. He yanked hard, hooked himself, thrashed through the weeds, splashed across the river's surface and finally came close enough to net. The fish weighed about three pounds, his butter-colored sides sprinkled with vermilion spots. We quickly returned him to the river, where, with a flick of his tail, he melted into the gloom. It was a brown trout. Though not native to Montana, he was as wild as a one-eyed jack, his ancestors having been born, bred and tested in the Madison over many generations. In that time the browns had taken over the province of westslope cutthroat trout, which were surviving in the river system but in smaller numbers than the now-dominant browns and rainbows.

WHICH FISH had the stronger claim? As we slid through the mountains, I posed this question to Grossenbacher: "Should the Madison be poisoned to bring back the natives?"

"Stupid idea!" he barked. "We've got a river full of wild fish here. People come from all over to catch them. There's been enough mucking around already," he said, closing the subject. "Cast there to the right—and don't flub this one."

Within an hour or so, we had floated past the mouth of Cherry Creek, a Madison tributary that flows from media tycoon Ted Turner's Flying D Ranch, recently the focus of

Visit Smithsonian.com/trout to read Izaak Walton's poem "The Angler's Song."

a long-running and acrimonious legal dispute. In question was whether the state, in partnership with Turner, could poison portions of the creek to kill nonnative brook trout, rainbows and hybrids and to create a reserve for a genetically pure strain of westslope cutthroat trout. A federal appeals court had ruled in favor of the restoration, and the poisoning had begun.

"Because the area is large," says Palmer, "it will support a large population of westslope cutthroat trout that will be more likely to survive in a changing environment over the long term." To establish havens for the fish, his department plans ten such conservation areas in the Missouri-Madison River drainage, where cutthroats once inhabited 1,200 miles of the river system; in their genetically pure form, cutthroats occupy just 8 miles of that system today.

For the moment, nobody proposes killing the huge population of nonnative fish that make the Yellowstone and Madison rivers so popular for fishermen. It would be technically impractical—piscicides are not effective on big, brawling rivers—but, more to the point, it would be politically impossible, given the rivers' importance to Montana's economy.

One of the nation's prime destinations for traveling anglers, Montana collects $422 million from fishermen each year. They might themselves be considered invasive, descending in large groups summer and fall, shuffling through the Bozeman airport with their rod tubes while gasping for oxygen in the thin mountain air.

With part of the money Montana collects from such visitors, and with funds saved from closing most of its hatcheries, the state is emphasizing habitat improvement, so that its rivers will have cleaner water, less erosion, better spawning beds and better cover from streamside vegetation—all of which make them more productive. Repairing a trout stream may involve nothing more elaborate than planting a few willows or cottonwoods to stabilize the banks, or fencing out cattle to

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keep them from trampling the shoreline and fouling the water. In other cases, where years of poor land use have seriously degraded a trout stream, more extreme fixes are required.

THAT BROUGHT Ty Smith into the field. He sat at the controls of his 320BL Caterpillar, chewing his way through a pasture near Ovando, Montana. The object of his attention was muddy, silt-laden Hoyt Creek, which looked more like a drainage ditch than a living stream. Smith worked the bucket of his 48,000-pound excavator with surgical precision, carving a sinuous new streambed, sculpting places for new riffles and pools, and closely following directions from a pint-size woman in a red knit hat and rubber boots who carried a clipboard, a black-and-white surveyor's stick and an air of authority.

"We are providing the four C's here," said Ryen Aasheim, the Trout Unlimited biologist assigned to this venture. "Our fish like to see clear, cold, clean and connected waters, which we will have in place at the conclusion of this project." She explained that Hoyt Creek, engineered to the specifications on her chart, will be remade along a 11,000-foot stretch and linked to Dick Creek, which connects to Monture Creek, which connects with the Big Blackfoot River at the heart of this 1.5 million-acre watershed. In a matter of weeks, cold, clear water would be flowing up from the underlying aquifer to Hoyt Creek, which would spill downstream and knit the tributaries together with the main river. That would provide new habitat for native westslope cutthroats and bull trout, both of which have been struggling.

Like the ranchers and cowboys who settled this part of western Montana, young trout are programmed for traveling. Fish hatched in the tributaries of the Big Blackfoot would migrate to the main stem, establish residence and pioneer new sections of the watershed. It was not necessary to stock feeder streams, just to provide

The movie *A River Runs Through It* (Brad Pitt casts for the cameras), adapted from Norman Maclean's book, stoked the demand for healthy streams.

those four C's. If you built it, they would come, right to the spot where Ryen Aasheim now stood ankle deep in muck. "If you provide a connection in the system, they always find a way," Aasheim was saying. "Sometimes it takes a while for the trout to come back. The earliest, I think, was four months from the time we finished a project like this one."

To get a preview of its potential, I drove through downtown Ovando (pop. 71), past Trixi's Antler Saloon & Fine Dining and down Highway 200 to Tom Rue's ranch on Kleinschmidt Creek, a recently rehabilitated Big Blackfoot tributary.

Rue, a big, bluff man with a gray mustache and an enthusiasm for trout, met me on a wooden footbridge spanning his creek. "This place was totally degraded from overgrazing," said Rue, "totally! The water was muddy and sludgy, too warm for fish. It was pretty much dead when I came here in 1994."

That's when the stream restorers

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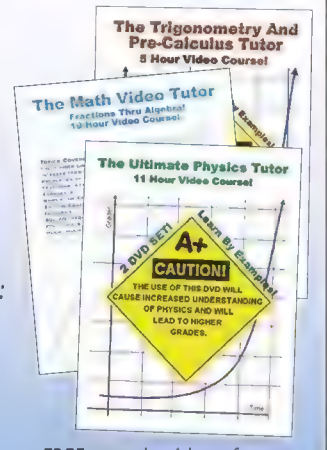
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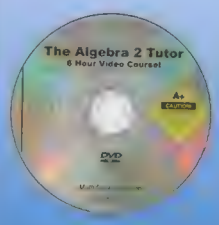

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stepped in to narrow and deepen the creek's channel, reducing its surface area to make it cooler. They also lengthened Rue's section of the stream from 6,000 to 10,000 feet by adding twists and turns, and put in new fencing to keep wandering cattle out of the water. Now Kleinschmidt Creek runs as clear and cool as the Montana air, cutting under banks deeply shaded by cottonwoods and native grasses. Since the project was finished, the creek's maximum temperature has dropped by ten degrees, making it a magnet for fish in search of oxygen-rich water.

"The numbers of fish have gone up dramatically," said Rue. "Asymptotically up," he boomed, sounding more like a theoretical physicist than a rancher. Rue was in particularly good humor because he had landed and released a 20-inch cutthroat trout just the day before, a sign that the natives were returning.

"Water's the most valuable thing we have next to oxygen. You've got seven million gallons going under your feet right now," he says, nodding at the footbridge. "That's a lot of water for this little creek."

The creek spoke back, chortling under its bridge before rushing off to meet the Big Blackfoot River.

IF YOU HAVE HEARD of the Big Blackfoot it is probably because of Norman Maclean, the Montana writer who launched his classic book, *A River Runs Through It*, with this sentence: "In our family, there was no clear line between religion and fly fishing." That was in 1976, long before Robert Redford adapted Maclean's story for the Brad Pitt movie in 1992 and made fly-fishing fashionable overnight. A lot happened between those two dates.

The river, debased by years of logging, unrestricted grazing and mining damage, was almost empty of native trout when Maclean's book appeared. Even stocked trout virtually vanished after 1979, when Montana stopped dumping hatchery fish in the river. With almost nothing to catch, local anglers mourned and complained.

But they did little to improve the situation until 1987, when the Sunshine Mining Company spurred them to action with its plans for a new open-pit gold mine near Lincoln, where the river rumbles down from the Continental Divide. Thus was born the Big Blackfoot Chapter of Trout Unlimited, which helped to scuttle the proposed mine and goaded the state to examine the river's failing health. This led, in 1990, to the first restoration efforts, which have continued in the years since, with more than 45 tributaries restored, 48 miles of stream channel reconstructed and access for migratory fish opened to 460 miles in the river system. In the same period, some 2,600 acres of wetlands have been preserved, 2,300 acres of native grasslands put to rights and 93,383 acres of private lands placed in perpetual conservation easements. In addition, the community group Blackfoot Challenge has joined with the Nature Conservancy to purchase 88,000 acres of corporate timberlands and transfer the parcels to a variety of public and private interests. "We're making this whole watershed work in a sustainable way for people, fish and wildlife," says Aasheim. "It has to be a win-win situation for the landowner and the wildlife. Otherwise it doesn't succeed."

Having the whole community involved in restoring the watershed makes for an unlikely collection of ranchers who don't fish and fishermen who don't ranch, in league with timber companies, conservationists, politicians, outfitters, various foundations, and state and federal agencies. Perhaps the most unlikely player in this incongruent cast is Jim Stone, a second-generation rancher and chairman of the Blackfoot Challenge, which represents the disparate interests of those living in the watershed.

"I'm odd," he says. "I don't like fish. I don't even like water!" He lets this statement sink in. "If you'd asked me about trout in 1985, I'd have said who gives a sh-t?" Stone, a compact man with close-cropped hair and a drooping Fu Manchu mustache, has a puckish

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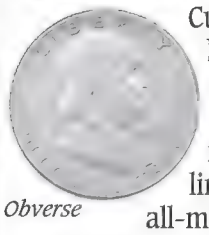

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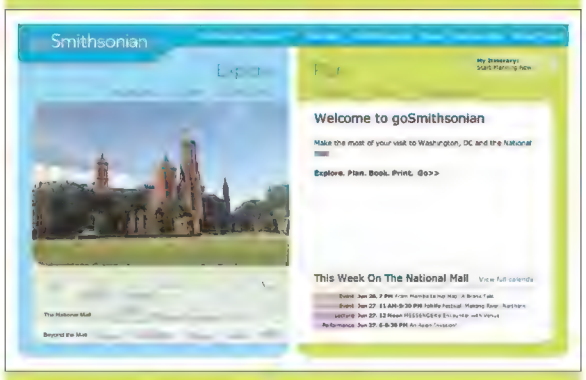

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glint in his eye. "I was one of those stubborn old ranchers who did it the way grandpa did just because that's the way grandpa did. Put those cows out there and don't worry about the fish and wildlife guys. But now I can see—damn!—they know what they're doing. If those fish aren't doing well, the cows won't. You get good water, you get good grass, you get good grass, you get good cows! We've spent generations worrying about how we can put more pounds on our cows. The minute I started to make the water-and-grass connection, well, the light switch just went on."

Stone has not yet traded his boots for Birkenstocks—he has a reputation to consider—but he has been tireless in preaching the benefits of clean water and wild trout to his ranching neighbors, and he just plunked down $20,000 for the restoration of Hoyt Creek, where Ryen Aasheim and Ty Smith had been rearranging things with the Caterpillar. When that project is finished, Stone will have a steady source of clean water for his pasture, which means that he'll have to spend less for irrigation in the future. "This makes us better cowguys," he says. "We're putting more pounds on our cows, and we've got grass in the bank at the end of the season."

Stone has money in the bank too, thanks to the conservation easements he recently placed on all 2,200 acres of his Rolling Stone Ranch. Under an innovative arrangement with the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service, Stone was paid cash for the easements; other landowners have been paid by private groups, or given tax credits. "I got more than $150,000," Stone says. "I used part of that to buy this ranch from my parents. The rest I socked aside to take care of a rainy day." Stone's neighbors have used easement funds to pay off mortgages, buy adjoining land and make improvements on their property. The easements limit future development in the watershed, so that the Big Blackfoot landscape will remain a place of mountain vistas and rolling ranch land—unlike the fast-growing Front

Range of the Rockies.

"If you drive through here a hundred years from now," says Ryen Aasheim, "it's going to look like a connected landscape—not one that's subdivided and compromised. That's because the people who live here are taking the long view of things."

This means that Jim Stone might someday pass his ranch intact to his son, Brady Dean Stone, now 7. "Mother Nature's got a chance here," says the elder Stone, waving his arms at the immense Montana sky. "And I'm happy because there's a chance that my son can do this ranching thing if he chooses."

Like many in his community, Stone thinks of ranching in family terms, just as Norman Maclean thought of fly-fishing as a family affair. Maclean has been dead for 17 years, but his son, John, still haunts the Big Blackfoot River, like his father and grandfather before him, and he is grateful for the opportunity. "I'd say the restoration has been a success," says John Maclean, a former Washington correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune* and the author of several nonfiction books. "The tributaries are in better shape, and the fish are bigger than I've seen them in the last decade."

That's the good news. The bad news is that a long-running drought, which began in 1999 and persists today, is killing many of the young trout in the Big Blackfoot system. The system is also under increased fishing pressure, now that the big trout are back.

"I don't fish the Blackfoot in the summer—too damn many fishermen and too much boat traffic," says Maclean. He admits that it was his own father, along with Redford's movie, that triggered the crowding, sustainable only because of the river's catch-and-release rules. Because of them, many of the Big Blackfoot's trout are caught again and again. "Boy, some of those fish look like they've gone 15 rounds with Muhammad Ali," Maclean says "I don't know that it hurts the fish, though. They're in the river."

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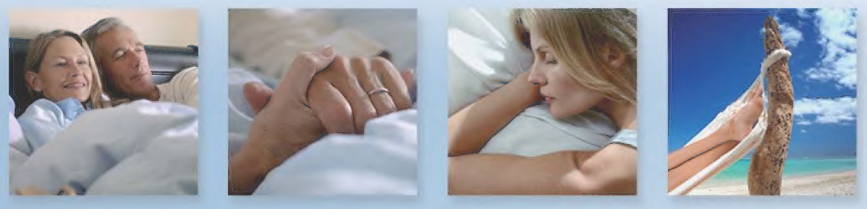

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Socrates Is Purported To Have Said That the Unexamined Life Is Not Worth Living, But He Failed To Explain How That Examination Is Conducted. The Following Text Explains.

Richard W. Wetherill
1906-1989

Socrates also said, "Think not those faithful who praise thy words and actions, but those who kindly reprove thy faults."

Therefore, we shall kindly reprove our leaders for not acting on the information presented by the late Richard W. Wetherill fifty-three years ago when he published his book *Tower of Babel*. It explains that virtually all our troubles are caused by disregard for a created law of nature.

Wetherill had coined the word *humanetics* for his study, and the law is presented here as nature's social law of rational, honest behavior. It calls for thoughts and actions that are inclusively ***logical*** because they work, ***appropriate*** to the situation, and ***morally*** true to the facts.

Ordinarily people behave as if they had multiple choices. Nature's behavioral law indicates there are just two: what is right or what is wrong. Right works; wrong makes trouble.

Wetherill taught that among the principles people reason from, causing their behavior, many of them are counterfeits. Some people object to the use of the term counterfeit principles, but consider counterfeit money. It is not real, but it assumes a kind of reality when accepted. In that sense, there are counterfeit principles that people act on, causing them to have problems and trouble.

Those principles are described in the following five points. Studying to apply them enables people to examine their lives and effectuate many wanted changes.

1. What are counterfeit principles? They are commands to self that people form such as "My mind is made up and I won't change it" or "I'm always shy around strangers."

2. How are counterfeit principles formed? When emotional, people do unrealistic thinking that gets lodged in memory such as "When I feel attacked I fight back" or "After what's happened I'll never be the same."

3. What do counterfeit principles cause? They cause attitudes and actions contrary to natural law such as "Nobody's going to tell me what to do" or "I like things to go my way."

4. How are counterfeit principles rescinded? When the concepts are consciously recognized as untrue, they drop from memory and no longer influence behavior as long as a person chooses to do what is right.

5. What results? Rational thinking replaces the counterfeit principles and puts behavior on the right track.

Observing people's behavior confirms the validity of nature's social law. Often counterfeit principles are heard during conversation such as "If I don't like it I won't do it" or "Even if I'm wrong I'm afraid to admit it."

Now it is widely known that lifestyles impact people's health. Medical reports list certain foods, bad habits, and stress as causes for illness. Also, consider the millennia it has taken to make that connection. Despite those warnings, many people continue irrational lifestyles, because counterfeit principles drive their behavior. This writing states the formula that when applied by enough people will stem the tide of society's pandemic irrationality.

To paraphrase Socrates: Think not those faithful who praise thy words and actions, but those who kindly reprove thee of thy counterfeit principles. Rescinding counterfeit principles produces rational, honest thinking and behavior. People who adhere to nature's social law become peaceful and productive and find life to be well worth living.

Visit our Website www.alphapub.com there are books shown there explaining Wetherill's study of nature's behavioral law he called *humanetics*. The books *all* detail why wrong results develop, are resolved, and are prevented. To speak with someone about books or to request a free mailing, call 1.800.992.9124. If you reach voice mail after business hours, please slowly spell your name and complete address and say how you learned about The Alpha Publishing House. Or write to us at 1101 Enterprise Dr., PO Box 255, Royersford, PA 19468 with the same information. Our mailing list is never distributed.

Text by E. Marie Bothe, president of The Alpha Publishing House.

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House Broken

What really happened at that summer rental **BY MARTIN MILLER**

TO: Island Rental Properties, Inc.
FROM: Moose, K-Dog et al.
RE: Our security deposit

Dear Mrs. Van Der Hooten,

THANK YOU SO MUCH for renting us your house at 23 Safe Harbor Lane. It is a truly beautiful home, and you must agree that we came very, very close to returning it to the condition it was in on our arrival. But as your attorney has pointed out, there are a few issues to discuss.

Concerning the green couch, yes, there is a cushion missing. That is no fault of ours. The cushion became stained, possibly by a beverage, and soon began to give off an odor that was, frankly, offensive. I took it upon myself to wash the cushion thoroughly, and I set it out on the deck to dry that very afternoon. I realize that you had made it clear after the incident with the silk sofas that no more furniture was to leave the house, but in this case you will no doubt acknowledge that my purpose was not primarily nautical. When my housemates and I returned from the beach that evening, the cushion was no longer on the deck. We believe that in our absence, someone came onto the property and removed the cushion. We would have appreciated being warned of the criminal element in this neighborhood. If you or anyone you know is aware of the cushion's current location, we would really appreciate its being returned, no questions asked.

A few other points: about the bed that sits closest to the door in the downstairs bedroom. Whatever steps need to be taken to fix any part of the bed, or of the door, we take full responsibility for and understand that monies from our deposit will be used.

In the downstairs kitchen, the light fixture became detached from the ceiling. It made quite a mess, which we cleaned up. Fortunately for you, no one was seriously injured. We understand that the fixture needs to be replaced and that we need to pay for it, but we respectfully suggest that a sign notifying future tenants of the fixture's weight limit would be helpful.

We have no idea what caused the water heater to explode. As the fire marshal's report notes, the incident occurred between 10 a.m. and noon, hours during which we were all asleep. We painted over the char marks on the basement wall, so other than the new water heater, you should be good to go.

Obviously, the railing on the back porch collapsed. We felt fortunate that we could hire a local carpenter to fix it for what he told us was his "special discount rate" of $150 per hour. It was to pay his bill that we put the brown leather chair and matching footrest on e-Bay. We think we got a fair price, and we are sorry that you were not afforded an opportunity to bid on it. (It smelt of stale beer, though.)

With regard to your assertion that your "reputation has been indelibly tarnished" over the last 60 days: all of the television news reports about the sharks in the pool clearly identified us, and not you, as the ones who came up with the idea. We believe you are being a little oversensitive here.

In closing, I would like to reiterate that we look forward to a final tallying of sums paid and owed just as soon as our appeal of the police fine from the Fourth of July is resolved. In the meantime, please accept, attached, our reservation form to rent the house again next summer.

Sincerely,
Chauncey "Moose" Hindry

RICHARD THOMPSON